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"WHAT AMERICANS THINK ABOUT THE BOER WAR"

By WINSTON SPENCER CHURCHILL, M.P.

COLLIER'S

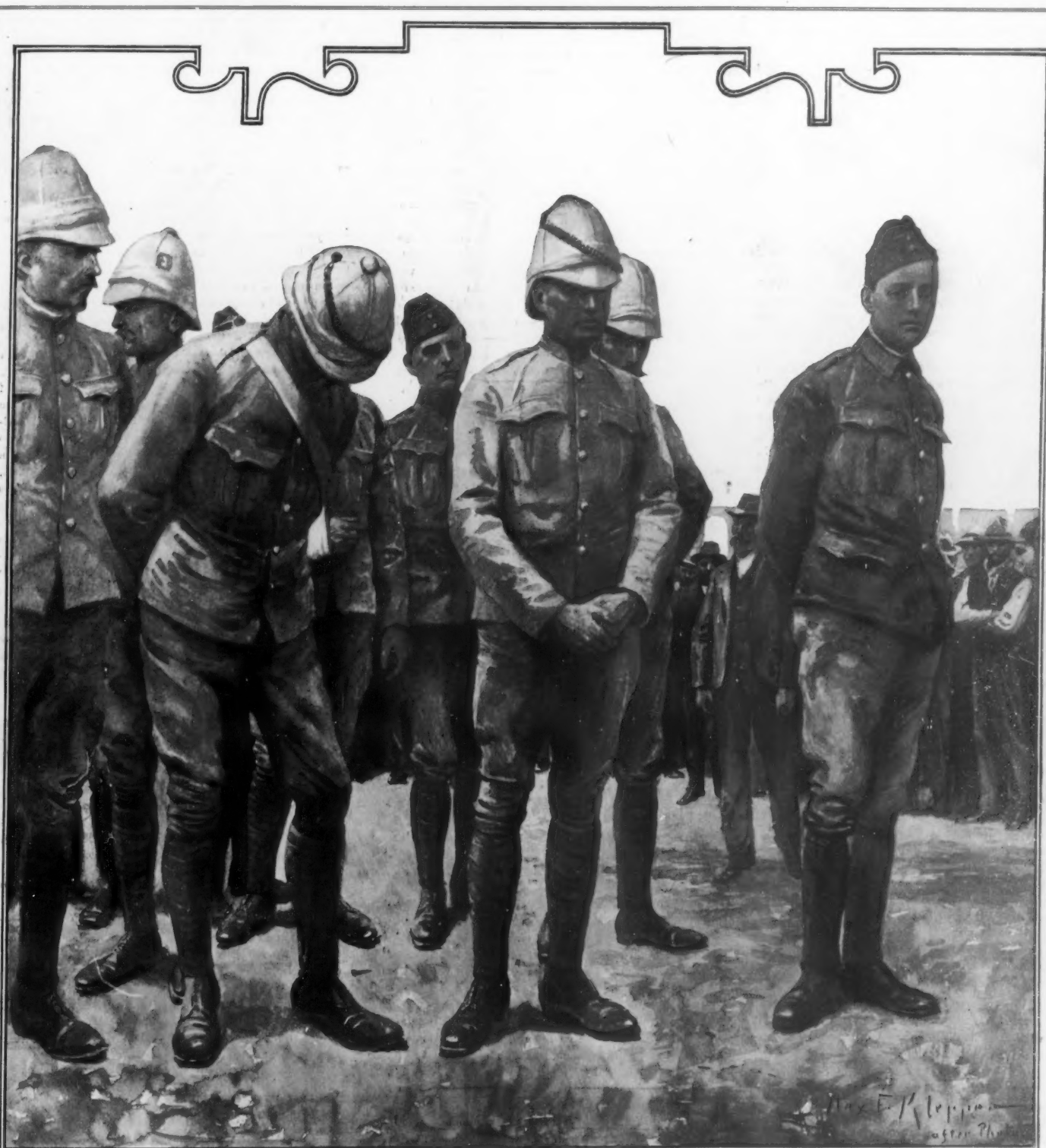
WEEKLY JOURNAL of CURRENT EVENTS

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VOL TWENTY-SIX NO 17

NEW YORK JANUARY 26 1901

PRICE TEN CENTS



DRAWN BY MAX F. KLEPPER FROM A PHOTOGRAPH IN THE POSSESSION OF MR. CHURCHILL

MR. CHURCHILL

WINSTON SPENCER CHURCHILL AS A PRISONER AT PRETORIA

(SEE ARTICLE ON PAGE 3)



COLLIER'S WEEKLY

EDITORIAL PAGE

P. F. COLLIER & SON, PUBLISHERS

EDITORIAL and GENERAL OFFICES 521-547 West Thirteenth Street 518-524 West Fourteenth Street NEW YORK CITY



VOLUME TWENTY-SIX
NUMBER SEVENTEEN

NEW YORK, JANUARY 26, 1901

TEN CENTS A COPY
\$5.20 PER YEAR

WILL GREAT BRITAIN ACCEPT THE TREATY AS AMENDED?

LORD LANSDOWNE has officially notified Ambassador Choate that the British Foreign Office is considering the amended Hay-Pauncefote treaty. The interesting question, therefore, as to the action of Great Britain on the Senate amendments is likely soon to be answered. Will these amendments be accepted or rejected? The answer to this question depends wholly upon the cost to England of accession to the Senate demands.

In the first amendment, the Clayton-Bulwer treaty is superseded. What does this mean to the two parties to the treaty? Great Britain has already agreed in the Hay-Pauncefote treaty to the abrogation of the provision of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty that neither government "will ever obtain or maintain for itself any exclusive control over said ship canal," and has consented that this country may construct, regulate and manage the canal. Therefore the supersession of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty does not affect the conclusion to which the British Government has already agreed in this respect. The abrogation of the old treaty, however, leaves both this country and Great Britain free, so far as their obligations to each other are concerned, to assume or exercise dominion over "Nicaragua, Costa Rica, the Mosquito Coast, or any part of Central America." The two governments are also relieved from the duty of uniting to protect any isthmian canal or railway that may be built. The eighth article of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty made the two nations not only partners for the protection of the proposed interoceanic highway, but joint guarantors of equal charges on the shipping passing through the canal, without regard to its nationality. Great Britain, it will be observed, has expressed its willingness to retire from the partnership established by the Clayton-Bulwer treaty so far as the construction, regulation and management of the canal are concerned, but has maintained it for the purpose of aiding in the protection of its neutrality, and to secure even terms, including tolls, for the shipping of the world. To this end, both in the Clayton-Bulwer and in the original Hay-Pauncefote treaty, the co-operation of the nations of the world was invited. This invitation was struck from the Hay-Pauncefote treaty by the third of the Senate amendments. In the amended treaty, however, this government itself purposes to see to it that the canal shall be kept open in war and in peace, for both merchant and war vessels; that the canal shall never be blockaded; that hostile acts shall not take place within it; and that the laws of nations governing the privileges of war vessels in neutral ports shall apply to the canal and its terminal ports. The Davis amendment, however, confers upon the United States the power to disregard all these provisions of neutrality for its own defence or for the maintenance of public order.

In brief, it is now for Great Britain to say whether she will agree to the abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, and will surrender any right which that convention gave her to take part in maintaining the canal as a neutral international highway. In doing so, her relations toward Central America will be controlled merely by the Monroe Doctrine and will not be affected by any special treaty stipulations with the United States. For some years there has existed a strong conservative sentiment in England in favor of agreeing to the abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty whenever the United States obviously desired such action. Moreover, the interests of Great Britain in the canal are unimportant when compared with our own, while she is still very desirous of gaining and keeping our friendship. From the prevailing point of view of English politics, it would seem to be the part of wisdom for the Salisbury Government to accept the Senate amendments, especially since it has already surrendered all prospective material rights in or over the canal, and has sought merely to maintain a sentimental partnership which, if Senator Lodge is right, would not have prevented what might legally be done under the amended treaty.

MR. CONGER'S MISTAKE AND ITS CONSEQUENCES

THERE is hardly any reason to doubt the newspaper statement that Mr. Conger, our Minister to China, is not in good standing with the State Department. The report which comes from Peking, however, that he deliberately disobeyed Mr. Hay's orders is so surprising that it must receive confirmation before it can be fully accepted as true. As the President and Cabinet have understood the situation, Mr. Conger had made a serious mistake in the translation of a mutilated cipher despatch. This mistranslation transformed, he said, the meaning of the despatch, and thereby the policy of the government was actually revolutionized; but this was done finally with the President's assent.

Mr. Hay had insisted from the first that the joint note of

the powers to China should not take the form of an ultimatum. The change in Mr. Conger's attitude, therefore, doubtless astounded the other members of the diplomatic corps, for it must have seemed to them that the whole policy of this country in the Orient had been suddenly reversed, and that, instead of being the upholders of the integrity of the Empire, we had suddenly allied ourselves with the power which has been foremost in assailing it.

The character of the joint note was thus radically changed by the insertion of the word "irrevocable," in the following passage: "Inasmuch as China has recognized her responsibility, expressed regret and evinced a desire to see an end put to a situation created by the aforesaid disturbances, the powers have determined to accede to her request upon the irrevocable conditions enumerated below." This word made the conditions an ultimatum in form, and Mr. Conger had been ordered, on that account, to refrain from signing the joint note until the obnoxious word was eliminated. It was always clear, however, that he did not approve of Mr. Hay's policy, and much delay was caused by his remonstrances. At last came the mutilated despatch, its mistranslation, and Mr. Conger's signature to the note. When it appeared to the President and the Cabinet not only to be impossible to secure Mr. Conger's loyal co-operation, but that the Minister had actually committed himself, it was thought best to cable him an official endorsement of his act, notwithstanding the retention in the note of the objectionable word, provided, however, the mistake could not be remedied.

To say that Mr. Conger's success in preventing the consummation of the purpose of the Administration placed that gentleman in bad standing at the State Department is to speak mildly. Why the Administration accepted its own surrender as the inevitable consequence of its Minister's blunder is difficult to understand. But now comes the report from Peking that Mr. Conger flatly disobeyed his instructions, and that there was abundant time for the withdrawal of his name before the note was handed to the Chinese negotiators.

Whether this grave charge be true or not, our signature to the so-called ultimatum has produced abundant evil, and a failure of the effort for a real peace has been seriously threatened. The protest of Chang Chi Tung against the assent of the Emperor to the conditions of the note was commented on in these columns last week. As we then remarked, in view of the conduct of the representatives of the powers, "we cannot avoid the suspicion that some of the foreign Ministers and generals are secretly desirous of obstructing the negotiation of a peace." Events have proved that no better method for realizing such a desire could have been devised than the insertion of the word which transformed the note with its hard conditions from a basis for negotiation into an ultimatum. There has been no doubt, from the first, that Li Hung Chang and Prince Ching would attempt to secure modifications of these conditions, notwithstanding the statement that they were "irrevocable"; but under the circumstances Chang was unwilling to take the chances of securing better terms from the powers that had manifested an ingrained hostility to the Empire. He is the most patriotic of the viceroys, and while he is not a hater of foreigners, he was not willing to see China placed in a condition of vassalage.

Notwithstanding his protest, however, the Emperor renewed the order to his negotiators to sign the note. Nevertheless, complications seem certain to follow the action of this government. It must be clear to the shrewd Chinese diplomats that the conditions are not really irrevocable, if this drastic term has been employed against the judgment and desires of the government of the United States, whose agent has been guilty of a blunder or an act of disobedience in attaching his signature. Prince Ching and Li Hung Chang will doubtless endeavor, therefore, to procure a modification of the terms, and, in doing so, will doubtless call upon the United States to repair the wrong done by Mr. Conger, and to resume the attitude which the Administration still believes in. It does not follow, of course, that the powers, including the United States, will actually agree to a material modification, although the terms offered China are certainly harsh and seem more like the extravagant demands usually made at the outset of a diplomatic conference, with a view to bargaining and subsequent recession, than definitive conditions. But this government, in view of the revelation of the fact that Mr. Conger's signature did not express its desire, may still be open to reason, and may certainly agree to gratify Chang by consenting to withdraw from the preamble to the note the offensive accusation that the imperial government ordered the Boxer attacks upon the legation houses. The result of Mr. Conger's haste to sign the note to which his government objected has been, first, to threaten a renewal of hostilities in China, and a revolt of the seventeen viceroys, and, in the end, a vexatious delay in the progress of a negotiation to which the civilized world desires a speedy ending.

THE ARMY IN CONGRESS

CONGRESS has, at the present session, the opportunity to demonstrate its capacity or lack of capacity for colonial government. If we are to put down the Filipino insurrection, and to maintain ourselves in the archipelago, a new army is absolutely necessary. The force required there is estimated by experts at from 75,000 to 100,000 men. The present force consists of 65,000 regulars and 35,000 volunteers. On the 30th of June, all the volunteers must be discharged, while the regular force will be reduced to 2,447 officers and 29,025 enlisted men.

The problem presented to Congress was a grave one, and its gravity was not appreciated by the lawmaking body. The first question put to it was: "Will you now do what you should have done last winter and provide a sufficient number of troops to take the places of those whose terms are expiring?" The answer to this is a possible provision, at a late day, of a number of raw recruits who will be landed at the Philippine ports to work hard at learning the elementary part of their trade under a tropical sun and in the face of an active and a cunning enemy. Of course, the new men will pull through and will make good soldiers, but Congress will never know the extravagant price it has made the country pay for its military experience. In this respect, Congress is always careful to see to it that history repeats itself.

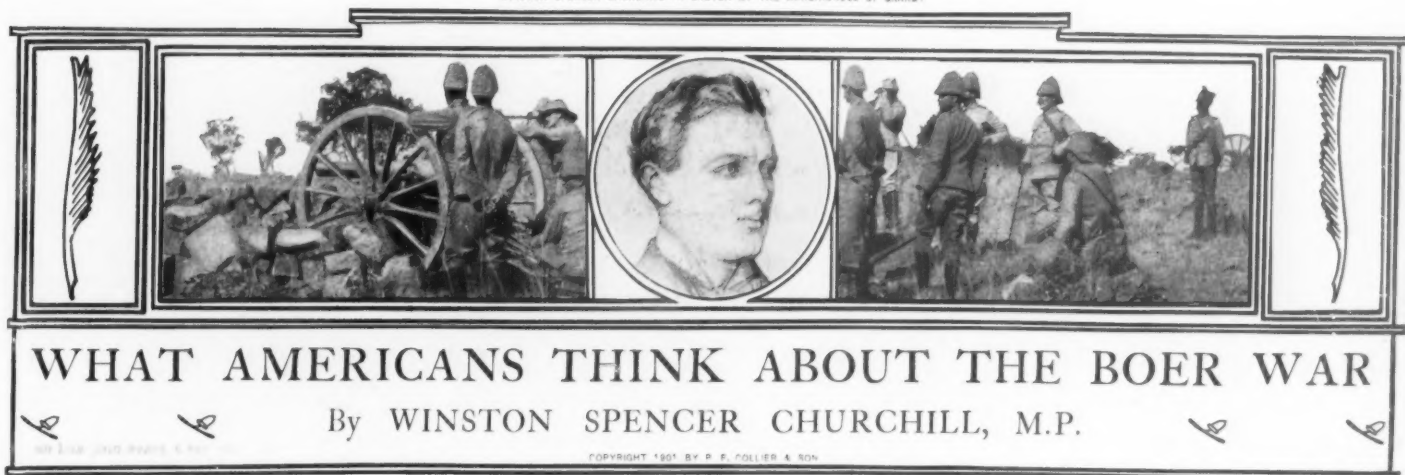
The second question put to Congress by Secretary Root was: "Now that you have the opportunity and are about it will you not properly organize the army? You have always refused to do this heretofore, but the occasion and reasons for reform were rarely so apparent as they are now. Now you are face to face with the necessity of maintaining a real army prepared to cope and act with modern European armies. Will you not give military experts their way? Unless you do, our experiment in the Orient is likely to turn out a failure."

The Secretary explained that in order to make the army an efficient instrument of war the staff corps should be reorganized. There should be closer contact between them and the line of the army. Line officers should learn staff duties by service on the staff, and staff officers should maintain their knowledge of the soldier and his needs by frequently returning to service in the line. The educated officers should be put in command of the army. An end should be made of favoritism, and civilians should not be placed in command grades. The country has expended and is to expend, in the aggregate, the very large sum of \$100,000,000 for fortifications and modern guns. In order to care for this property and the delicate machinery, an increased force of from 15,000 to 20,000 artillerymen was required. Moreover, it was essential that the old regimental formation of the artillery should be abandoned, because it is obsolete and absurd. It was also pointed out that the artillery corps should have a chief, who should fix its standard, determine its gun drill and be responsible for its efficiency. At present the artillery of the army is inefficient because it has no head, no standard, no definite order of work, no discretion and no responsibility.

What did Congress do? The House of Representatives promptly enacted a bill which, though a bad one when compared with Secretary Root's ideal, was one of the best army bills which Congress has ever passed. It provided plums for civilians, it is true, but if it had become the law there would have been fewer places for civilians than were opened at the end of the War of the Rebellion, or than existed before its breaking out. Fine staff places were made for the favored, but the fighting line of the army was left chiefly to the educated and trained officers. The artillery was denied a chief, but an artillery inspector was permitted on the staff of the commanding general. The chief was denied because it was feared that a new bureau would thereby enter the War Department, and new bureaus are not wanted at a time when every effort is being made to get rid of old bureaus. However, with an inconsistency which is in keeping with all our military legislation, a veterinary corps was established whose head was to be a colonel and who was to report directly to the Secretary of War. The chief of artillery was not to be independent of the line, but the mere shadow of an artillery bureau frightened the lawmakers, while a bureau of veterinarians was established without a murmur.

When the bill reached the Senate there at once began the process of making it worse. For the first time in two years, the regimental formation of the artillery was insisted on. All of Secretary Root's plans for the reformation and improvement of the staff were rejected. The captaincies in the line were opened to volunteers, the result of which, if the amendment is finally adopted, will be that civilians who have served a few months will be put over the heads of West Point lieutenants who have spent years in the army. It is becoming more and more evident that Congress does not intend to make the army an efficient instrument.

WINSTON SPENCER CHURCHILL—A SKETCH BY THE MARCHIONESS OF GRANBY



WHAT AMERICANS THINK ABOUT THE BOER WAR

By WINSTON SPENCER CHURCHILL, M.P.

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BEFORE I sailed from England proposing to lecture in the United States, people who understood American opinion, or who said they understood American opinion—I wonder if any one man can gauge the opinion, at a given moment, of eighty millions spread over a continent?—declared that I should meet a warm reception.

"They are all bitter pro-Boers over there," they said. But I have always believed that in a free country every one, even an alien, has a right to form his own opinion and express the same to as many as care to listen. Nevertheless, it was with feelings of considerable trepidation that I appeared before my first American audience.

JUDGING PUBLIC SENTIMENT FROM A LECTURE PLATFORM

It was in Philadelphia itself—the City of the Messenger Boy. A concourse of something like three thousand people had gathered in a spacious and magnificent theatre. The chairman made a few neutral observations, retired from the stage and left me alone with America. I had arranged some slides for the magic lantern, which would enable the audience to express and me to learn their feelings as early as possible.

Several pictures of Boer commandoes and the portrait of Mr. Reitz were passed with indifference, but when General Louis Botha's portrait was flashed upon the screen the applause was sudden and loud. So far as I could tell, about three-fifths of the audience were politely hostile. I said that they were quite right to cheer a gallant and patriotic man fighting against heavy odds, that whenever I had shown Louis Botha's picture in England it had always been received with cheers, and that they ought to know that the British felt no rancor nor any bitterness whatever against the Boers for their brave resistance and respected every honorable enemy.

At this the audience thawed perceptibly, and I then took occasion to observe that we British hoped that we should not be found less steadfast and enduring in support of our cause than were our stubborn antagonists, whereas the pro-British section of the audience raised a lively counter-cheer; and, matters having thus been established on a friendly basis all round, I proceeded to the end of my address with a most indulgent and attentive audience.

Since then I have spoken in many towns throughout the Eastern States. Opinion in the audiences has varied from Philadelphia, which was as I have described, to Boston, where a regular demonstration was made in favor of the British cause.

The great hall was crowded in every part and at least a dozen Union Jacks were waved by enthusiastic people. Across the platform were drawn up fifty gentlemen of the British Veteran's Corps in uniform, with their Crimean and Mutiny medals glittering, and a sprinkling of American volunteers returned from serving in the Light Horse in South Africa relieved the black and white of evening dress with the familiar color of khaki.

Naturally I took rather a bolder line under these encouragements, for although an honest man should always sing the same song—his country's cause—sometimes it is wise to sing it in a different key.

The only unpleasant incident which I have had was in New York, where my agent, without my knowledge, printed, without their consent, the names of several prominent pro-Boers as forming part of a reception committee. These gentlemen, to whom I am glad to have an opportunity of offering all apologies, were very properly indignant and wrote to say so in the newspapers. This affair in no way affected the success of my New York lecture, for I found there a very large, though rather silent, audience, who heard me with patience to the end.

AMERICANS SEEKING FOR SOME ONE TO SYMPATHIZE WITH

So much for experiences; let me try to reach some conclusion. What is the true opinion of the United States upon the Boer war and her attitude toward Great Britain? It seems presumptuous for any one to answer such a question after the study only of a month; but an invitation to pronounce must always be accepted as an excuse for doing so.

A large minority of the people of the United States sympathize with the Boers. To my mind that is very natural. If a man has detached sympathies curling about idly in the air,

like the tentacles of an octopus, he will probably fasten them on to the first object of sympathy which may come along.

The British Empire, although anxious for the respect of the United States, stands in no immediate need of sympathy from any one.

On the other hand, the Boers and their sad position, the prolonged and marvellous resistance which, all untrained or taught only by the cunning of the frontiersman, they are making for the sake of preserving their own independence and their own Dutch flag, must attract the interest and the admiration of sentimental people, particularly those folk who give and are in a position to give their sentiments free play, untrammelled by vulgar and prosaic facts. I am frank to admit that I should sympathize with the Boers, if I were not an Englishman and had not visited South Africa.

There is a great volume of academic sympathy for the Boers in this country, but whatever practical strength it possesses arises from the comparatively small nucleus of bitter and irreconcilable anti-British feeling, which has always marred, and may for a long time mar, the good understanding which ought to exist between Great Britain and the United States.



WINSTON SPENCER CHURCHILL, IN THE BRITISH LINES NEAR COLENSO, NATAL, DIRECTLY AFTER HIS SENSATIONAL ESCAPE FROM PRETORIA

"THOSE WHO LIVE IN GLASS HOUSES MUST NOT THROW STONES"

Upon the other hand, I rejoice to find that Great Britain has many firm friends in the United States. There is the Englishman who has made America his home and has become a citizen, but who, for all his loyalty to the land of his adoption, cherishes a deep affection for the land of his birth. There is the American whose ancestors have lived for so many generations on American soil that, despite political cataclysms and the inevitable changes of time, he looks back, with the kinship of race and law, and bridges the ocean which divides the New World from the Old and links the traditions of an ancient kingdom with the hope of a growing republic. There is the naval officer—one that I met had fought in Manila Bay—who tells me, with the usual intolerance of the fighting

man, that whenever they enter port and see the white ensign above the British man-of-war they know they will find "somebody fit to speak to." There is the ordinary humdrum man of good sense who knows that neither Britain nor the United States has anything to gain from friction and ill-temper, and that both they and the world itself will benefit from their concord and co-operation. And, lastly, there is the candid cynic—there are such in every country;—the man who likes to tell the truth, particularly the unpleasant truth, to his countryman and who sardonically observes that the position in the Philippine Islands is not the best place in the world from which to throw stones at the British policy in South Africa.

ORDINARY MEN KNOW LITTLE ABOUT FOREIGN POLITICS

I have always found it easy to make up my mind on questions about which I know very little; but the more facts one learns, the more difficult it is to come to a decision. Now in the busy whirl of modern life and the limitless field of modern thought it is not possible for an ordinary man to know much about the political questions of countries other than his own. That is the reason why we can form such decided opinions upon them. I am far from saying that these opinions are not of use and value. I believe that British and American opinion may react upon one another as a most healthy corrective to both countries.

In the work of healing the wounds of war in South Africa, in drawing the greatest measure of good from a great misfortune, there is room for the friends of all parties to co-operate; and in that work the attention of the United States—not necessarily their praise, but their friendly and temperate criticism—may, indeed must, exert a valuable and effective influence. But let us, above all things, criticise each other with restraint. No nation pays any attention to the criticism of a foreign power unless it is moderate. It is merely treated as abuse, perfectly futile unless supported by cannon. For this reason, and also because we cannot take more than a superficial view of other people's affairs, the case for moderate claims alike from policy and justice the support of practical men.

AMERICANS ARE FREQUENTLY TOLERANT

I have found this attitude of tolerance, of desire to hear both sides and all sides, very frequent among the Americans of every class that I have met. Several prominent pro-Boers whose private friendship I have long enjoyed, others whom I only knew by name, came to hear what I had to say. I must confess that they went away friendly but unconverted. But I find in American audiences as a whole a great measure of this judicial quality, which is, after all, one of the main distinctions between a civilized man and a cannibal—the wish to find out the real truth instead of merely to strengthen established convictions.

American audiences are, moreover, very good-natured, quick to appreciate a joke, even if turned against themselves; most kind, patient and reasonable. Of course, I never have had the opportunity of addressing a meeting of working men on this side of the Atlantic. It is a pleasure, perhaps, to come; but, so far as may be judged from a limited, though very recent, experience, it seems that an American audience is much harder to convince than a similar gathering in Great Britain, but much easier to persuade.

"DO NOT CARE MUCH EITHER WAY"

I have tried to show in what degrees American opinion is divided upon the Boer war: a large minority of academic Boer sympathizers around a small but implacable nucleus of Anglophobes on the one hand; and, upon the other, a great mass of phlegmatic opinion and the many forces actively friendly to Great Britain.

But we must not mislead ourselves as to the practical strength of pro-Boer sympathy in America. To whatever side they may attach themselves upon this question, Americans are not greatly stirred by it. They do not care much either way. The world lives so fast nowadays that the cry for something new interrupts the closing acts of the greatest dramas. The United States have looked away from South Africa and are busy with their own concerns, and nothing which can arise out of the sentiments the Boer war has excited is likely to impair the good relations which have so long existed with Great Britain.

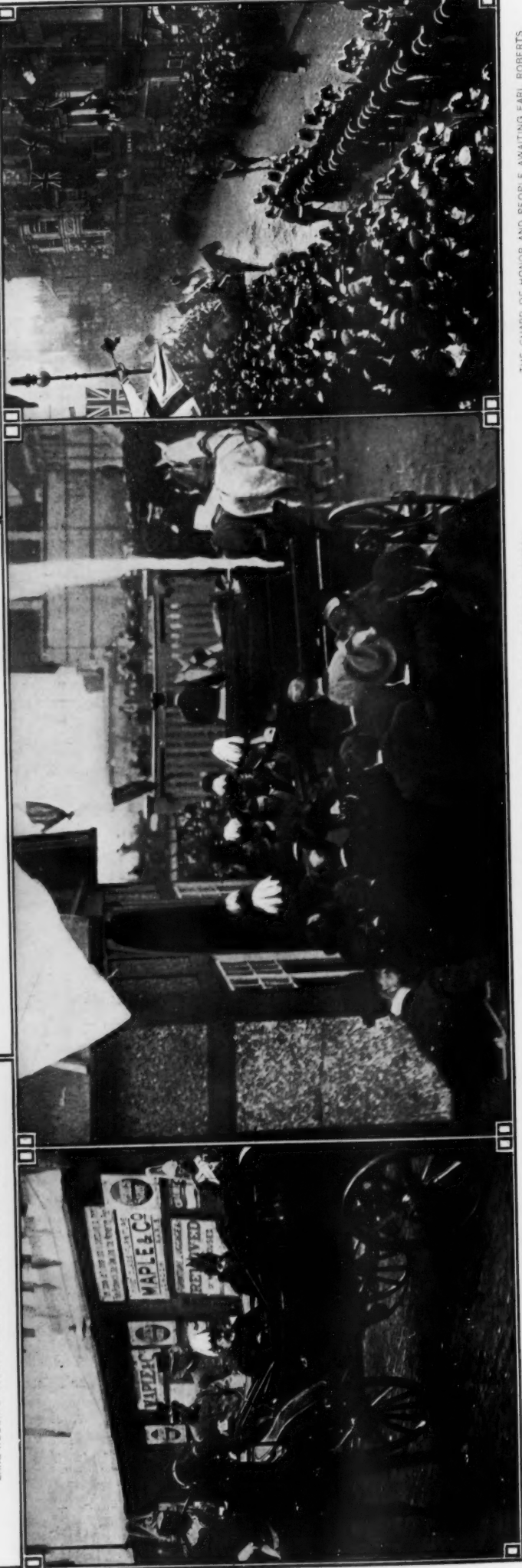
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EARL ROBERTS RECEIVING ON THE ROYAL YACHT "ALBERTA"

THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT AND PRINCESS BEATRICE ON THE ROYAL YACHT

EARL ROBERTS AND PRINCESS BEATRICE LEAVING THE "ALBERTA"



THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES LEAVING PADDINGTON STATION

EARL ROBERTS LEAVING THE TRINITY PIER AT COMES TO PAY HIS VISIT TO THE QUEEN

THE GUARD OF HONOR AND PEOPLE AWAITING EARL ROBERTS

THE RETURN FROM SOUTH AFRICA OF EARL ROBERTS, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE BRITISH ARMY



THE HOMECOMING OF FIELD-MARSHAL EARL ROBERTS—Field-Marshal Roberts, Commander-in-Chief of the British Army, arrived at the Isle of Wight on January 4 and was received at the Queen's residence by the Princess Beatrice and the Duke of Connaught. Later he was presented to the Queen, who bestowed an earldom on the Commander-in-Chief and made him a Knight of the Garter. The photograph shows the arrival of the Commander-in-Chief and the Mayor of Southampton at the Hartley Institute, where the Mayor presented the freedom of the city in a gold casket. In London at Paddington Station, Earl Roberts was greeted by the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of Wales, the Duke of Connaught, the Duke of Cambridge, and other dignitaries.

RAFAEL NIETO ABEILLE
ASSOCIATE JUSTICEJOSE C. HERNANDEZ
ASSOCIATE JUSTICEJOSE S. QUINONES
PRESIDENTJOSE MARIA FIGUERAS
ASSOCIATE JUSTICELOUIS SULZBACHER
ASSOCIATE JUSTICE

THE SUPREME COURT OF PORTO RICO—
The Supreme Court of Porto Rico, specially created for that colony, is composed of four natives and one American, all its members being jurists of established reputation and great legal acumen. This is especially true as to the distinguished president, Jose S. Quinones. The American is Louis Sulzbacher, of Missouri, a Hebrew, born in Germany. He was appointed Associate Jus-



tice by President McKinley, because he is familiar with the Spanish language and customs, having practiced law for twenty-five years in New Mexico. As the proceedings of the court are in Spanish, American lawyers have not yet been able to appear before it. Attorneys conduct their arguments sitting, and they, as well as the judges, wear the ancient black silk Roman toga.

LONDON

THE RETURN OF LORD ROBERTS

THE RETURN of Lord Roberts from South Africa can scarcely be called by his most devoted advocates a return of the conquering hero. Last Christmas was one of the gloomiest England has ever known, and this, the final Christmas of the most remarkable century that the memory of mankind can recall, must arrive shrouded in melancholy deeper yet. It is all very well for optimists to declare that the war is virtually over. But that word "virtually" covers an enormity of fresh possible disaster. The Boers have lately shown a new aggressiveness which begets keenest alarm. Lord Kitchener is left alone, with a colossal task facing him. His relentless and sanguinary record has shown us, of course, that he is capable of untold savagery, untold slaughter, untold "directness" in aim and act. But here is no new Omdurman that he has to envisage. All the hostile conditions are different. Instead of a barbaric race he fights one the equal of his own as regards mental culture, and perhaps its good superior from the standpoint of military genius. The present situation is certainly most ominous. The Transvaal and the Orange Free State are one big stretch of turbulence. British troops are scattered all over them, and the Boers continuously make the most deadly guerrilla-like attacks in consequence. De Wet is a lion and a stag in one. Delarey knows almost as well how to stab and scumper as does his brother-in-arms. Two thousand Boers, if not a larger number, have invaded Cape Colony, and though this may not have a very redoubtable sound, it is a big spark to cast amid such inflammable

material as that of the Dutch dwellers in that domain. The truth is, as a clever war correspondent has recently pointed out, one hundred thousand more men are urgently needed by the British wherewith adequately to discharge the residual but very onerous work which now lies before them.

WHAT ENGLISHMEN THINK OF THE "CANAL TREATY"

The Hay-Pauncefote treaty, and What May Come of It, is affecting Englishfolk (so far as opportunity permits me to gather) in somewhat sharply differentiated ways. From certain quarters the aggrieved note rises high; the pang of offended pride is there markedly manifest. Has not our own ex-President Harrison himself, it is asked, referred to the "high sanction and dignity of treaties"? Nothing about the Great American Republic, we also hear, is so valuable and noteworthy as our Senate. Its treaty-making rights are not alone shared with the President, but the majesty of its entire political meaning at once elevates and simplifies relations between itself and the governments of other lands. The Clayton-Bulwer treaty has never been abrogated by either nation that entered into it. Its two foremost definitions, so to speak, provided that neither nation should specially construct the canal and also that it should be open to the commerce of the entire world. The Hay-Pauncefote treaty is held to be only a modification of this one. "Some amicable treatment" is talked of to-day and to-morrow you hear the possibility of it solemnly deplored. Thousands here are eager to learn President McKinley's policy. "Jingoish" is scarcely the hardest word applied to it. Will not the President perceive that this "amended" treaty, it is queried, cannot fail to tax the kindness of the most friendly power? Great Britain was courteous, complaisant, in permitting an alteration of the Clayton-

Bulwer agreement. She yielded, and with what result? Surely one which threatens to darken that horizon of good feeling so happily shared, of late, between the mighty Empire and the mighty Commonwealth. Thus the voice of Westminster.

ENGLAND DOES NOT APPROVE OF THE PRESIDENT'S COURSE

As for England's future posture regarding the amended treaty, we are instructed that there is much probability of her contenting herself with a demand for indemnities, and nothing more hostile. Still, it should not be forgotten that the intensely Ministerial London "Times" has been firing some rather hot shot, of late, at Lord Salisbury. "The Times" tartly asseverates: "It is not the custom of this country to conclude treaties of surrender with any nation." At which the splenetic little "Morning Leader" hurls retort: "That does not alter the fact that we did desist, at America's bidding, from making war on Venezuela. . . . The Nicaragua Canal will, when built, be virtually an internal waterway of the United States. If she chooses to reserve to herself the right to do as she pleases with it in case of war, it is certainly not worth our while to attempt to hinder her. The wiser course is to barter—not 'surrender'—our empty right of veto in return for as substantial a consideration as we can secure." . . . I am convinced that all thoughtful and dispassionate citizens here now regard Mr. McKinley's position as an excessively trying one. Englishmen whose feelings toward him are perfectly unprejudiced realize that his second term promises to be stormier than his first, and that he is one of those public men on whom fate lays her heaviest burden—that of being incessantly confronted, from the start to the finish of his career, by international broils and snarls.

EDGAR FAWCETT.



THE FAMOUS FRENCH SURGEON, DR. DOYEN, OPERATING BEFORE THE INTERNATIONAL MEDICAL CONGRESS AT PARIS.—Enlargement of a remarkable photograph taken by our correspondent at the close of the International Medical Congress. It is a perfect tableau both as regards dramatic interest and composition. It represents a historical event—the gathering of the most prominent members of the Congress to witness an exceptionally critical operation by the famous French surgeon, Dr. Doyen. The operation, which was for cancer in an advanced stage, was most successful, and the patient, a physician himself, is now rapidly convalescing. Dr. Doyen is the man seen in profile bending over, operating. The man with spectacles, immediately behind and hands folded, is Professor W. W. Keene, of Philadelphia, the leading American surgeon of to-day and president of the American Association of Surgery; to his immediate right, with white beard and eyeglasses, the famous German surgeon Von Bergmann, husband of a relative of the Empress of Germany. The rest are all prominent surgeons and physicians from all the civilized countries of the globe. The old gentleman at the extreme left of the picture is Sir William Hingston, the great Canadian surgeon. Professor Laplace, of Philadelphia, is bending forward immediately under the first electric lamp in background—he has a full beard and his left cheek is partly hidden. Professor Cushman, of Johns Hopkins University, another American delegate, stands at the right of the picture in immediate foreground. Dr. Doyen's assistant in this great operation was Dr. A. A. Warden, of Glasgow, Scotland, who, as a surgeon, ranks only second to Doyen himself. For convenience of reference the gentlemen named are indicated by numerals as follows: 1. Dr. Doyen; 2. Prof. Keene; 3. Prof. Von Bergmann; 4. Sir William Hingston; 5. Prof. Laplace; 6. Prof. Cushman; 7. Dr. Warden

PARIS

THE MOST PICTURESQUE SOLDIERS IN THE WORLD

FRANCE is, I believe, the only nation that recognizes in modern times the fighting value of the criminal. The African Battalions—known to the people as the "Batt d'Aff"—have taken up their annual harvest of youthful Parisian conscripts who have "done time." The "Batt d'Aff" contains nothing but young men who have come into conflict with the laws and got worsted in the shock. It is ruled with a rod of iron—the sternest military discipline in the world, sterner even than that which prevails in the terribly disciplined Légion Etrangère, which also serves in French Africa. But these two armies are made up of some of the finest fighters in the world. There is a dash born of desperation. They have nothing to lose and everything to win in seeking glory and rehabilitation by daring deeds at the cannon's mouth. But before the new life and the discipline have played on these rough folk of the "Batt d'Aff," they make a dreary-looking mob. At Charenton, where they have to report, just outside the fortifications of Paris, they were massed in many scores—terrible faces of young criminals, the most perverted, the most violent, the most sordid and sordid gathering one could easily see. "Les joyeux" they are also called, because it is traditional in Paris among the criminal and semi-criminal classes that they should go gayly, riotously out to exile and probable death, these outcasts of the great city. But they were not joyous at Charenton that cold gray winter morning. One found a certain curious justification of war and territorial robbery in the sight of them. It is held, and seems established, that many of those lost souls will regain manhood and manly energy and manly decency and honor in the rough

ways of border fight in Africa. And if that be so, the African service deserves well of humanity.

WOMEN LAWYERS IN PARIS

Now that the Chamber of Deputies has admitted women to practice at the bar, only one brave man being found to oppose it—M. Massabuau, who certainly deserves immortality for his daring conservatism—and now that all the official difficulties are cleared away, it only rests with the women themselves to fill the courts with their eloquence and charm juries with their beauty. Old lawyers, however, are enraged at the approaching invasion of their temple. The daring dames who first venture into the sacred precincts to plead their cases will be greeted with the evil eye by the fine-cruised antiquities of the cap and gown. "We shall have the Palais de Justice filled with perambulators and parasols," said an old lawyer the other day to a group of sympathizers at the Café Neapolitain, "and there will have to be an ambulance always ready to carry away the mangled remains of the judge and the opposing counsel when Madame Une Telle loses her case. And," he added maliciously, "that will generally happen." Why have lawyers in general so poor an opinion of the ability and of the self-control of women?

Among the leaders of the Feminist movement it is thought that the revolution thus officially inaugurated will be long in materializing in practice. One woman will undoubtedly avail herself at once of the new order of things—Mlle. Jeanne Chauvin, a doctor of law of a year's standing, hitherto legally disqualified from exercising the profession for which the university declared her competent. But not for some five or six years will there be any large numbers of "lawyeresses" duly equipped for the fray; women have not cared to make elaborate studies for a profession rigidly closed against them in its higher branches. And even when a good many petticoated advocates parade the Salle des Pas Perdus it is anticipated that few will plead except in cases in which women are especially qualified to speak. They will almost certainly leave the big

argumentative cases to the men, creating for themselves a reputation for handling matters which concern the rights and happiness of women and children. And in such cases who can doubt but that their special knowledge, their natural sympathetic understanding and their innate tenderness of feeling will be of the greatest assistance to the ends of justice?

A FRENCH BOOK WHICH JOURNALISTS DESIRE TO SUPPRESS!

One finds out strange things when one has the inquisitive mind and the prowling habit—which two qualifications Balzac said were the outward sign of inward story-writing genius. How many people ever heard of the "Livre Jaune" of Paris? The "Livre Jaune" of which I am thinking is not the "Yellow Book" of the French Government, nor has it anything to do with the semi-mystic, semi-decadent and altogether weird publication which loomed luridly across the literary horizon some years ago. It is a book privately printed and privately distributed, a sealed mystery to the layman, destined only for the delectation of the honorable brotherhood of the tailors of Lutetia. Its pages make curious reading. It's an elaborate list of all persons who during the past year had the skill and bad taste to "stick" their clothers for the garments in which they have gone, radiant and respected, about their business. Paris tailors are, it would appear, a consolingly naïf and trustful set of men. And the winners of the game—it's an amazing collection. Among the delinquents are dukes, marquises, Russian princes, American manufacturers, sculptors, painters, prefects, sub-prefects, jockeys, public wrestlers, a very large number of lawyers (who apparently do not practice all they preach), one conjurer, and, painful discovery, 213 journalists and men of letters. These last hold the record—easily. That figure, 213, is unapproached in any other category. Who says the pursuit of the arts makes men unfit for the practical things of life?

V. GRIBAYEDOFF.



"The Eternal City" ✎ by Hall Caine

A preliminary announcement of the new serial to begin next week



F all forms and vehicles of fiction the serial story is, perhaps, the most difficult to master. Not only has the author to divide and subdivide his plots and counter-plots that the action and interest of his story be properly sustained in each and every instalment—satisfying the reader, not only for the moment, but exciting him to a further and impatient interest in what is to come—but he has also to consider the art and machinery of his story as a whole.

It is because of this very difficulty that we are given so many good novels and so few good serials. *Collier's* has been singularly fortunate in this particular. One has but to recall the instant success of Paul Leicester Ford's charming novel of Revolutionary Days, "Janice Meredith," or of that most masterly of all of Henry James's productions, "The Turn of the Screw," to realize the full truth of this.

Therefore it is with an added pleasure and satisfaction that we are enabled to present to our readers a truly great novel by a great writer—a story which seems to have been even more happily inspired to the peculiar demands of serial publication, than either of the above. It is

"The Eternal City" ✎ ✎ by Hall Caine

The theatre of action is Rome of to-day, a place where opposing forces meet with an intensity and fervor to be found in no other city in the world. Full of picturesque and dramatic movement, it grapples with the tremendous social, political and religious problems of the present time quite without detriment to either plot or action.

Hall Caine, as an author, is certainly too familiar to American readers to need any further introduction here. "The Deemster," "The Manxman," "The Christian": surely these names in themselves are more than sufficient to recall the genius of the author of "The Eternal City."



HALL CAINE

In the opinion of our literary advisers who have read the advance sheets of "The Eternal City," it is unquestionably Hall Caine's strongest work and represents that great author at the very height of his marvellous power and skill. The illustrations are all by A. B. Wenzell, an artist whose work needs no comment, who has been for some time making an especial study of the places described in "The Eternal City." It is to be commenced in our next number, and we strongly advise every one to read it. We have not the slightest hesitation in predicting that "The Eternal City," by Hall Caine, will be

✎ **THE GREATEST SERIAL OF THE CENTURY** ✎



SECRETARY-TO-THE-PRESIDENT CORTELYOU

WASHINGTON LETTER

BY
WALTER WELLMAN
SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF COLLIER'S WEEKLY



SENATOR JOHN T. MORGAN OF ALABAMA

THE WHITE HOUSE A DISGRACE TO THE NATION

IF ANY FURTHER PROOF were wanted of the overwhelming need of a new White House it has been furnished during the present winter. It may not be true that President McKinley's recent illness was due to a cold caught in the draughts which are said to wander through all the apartments of the Executive Mansion. But it is true that when the President and Mrs. McKinley gave their New Year's Day and diplomatic receptions the famous old building was crowded to a dangerous extent. Colonel Bingham, in charge of the Executive Mansion by virtue of his office of Commissioner of Public Buildings and Grounds, has done everything in his power to make the old house more habitable and less unsafe, but he has no authority to make the structure completely over nor to enlarge it. If the White House were a theatre or public hall the authorities would interpose and prevent its use for receptions such as those which the President and his wife are called upon to give through the unwritten but still imperative social law. If they did not forbid its use altogether, they would insist that new entrances and exits be provided. It is a curious and not altogether a comfortable fact that in this respect the residence of the head of our government and the seat of social leadership at the American capital is, and for many years has been, a veritable trap, needing but the accidental springing of a bit of blaze or a foolish woman's cry of "fire" to gather within its jaws hundreds and hundreds of eminent men and women. To such a house as this, to such dire possibilities, the richest nation in the world invites its diplomatic guests!

Virtually the Executive Mansion has but a single door that can be used for the arrival or departure of guests on a reception night. This is the front door, within the famous portico, and it is of only ordinary width. Just within it is a wooden vestibule, which is needed to keep draughts from the musicians of the Marine Band stationed in the lobby, but which, in case of panic, would greatly add to the difficulty of escape by this means. Actually this is the only open door in the White House during reception hours, and in a sudden emergency those who attempted to go out by it would find their way blocked by the stream of later arrivals trying to get in. There is a door at the south front of the building, but it is never used after dark, and rarely during the day. It is reached through one of the parlors, and this apartment on reception occasions is crowded with guests as well as with sofas and chairs for their accommodation. This door leads to a porch from which one passes by a flight of winding stairs to the park below. Small chance for their lives would a crowd of panic-stricken people have by this outlet.

Into such a trap as this several thousand people are crowded whenever the President gives a state reception. They are the Ambassadors and Ministers from foreign lands, with their families and staffs; the Supreme Court Justices and their families; Senators and Representatives, army and navy officers, and the elite of capital society. To say nothing of the possibility, or the impossibility, of getting out alive in case of fire or panic, the Mansion is wretchedly crowded at best. At times it is almost impossible to stir. There are two thousand or more people where five or six hundred would be a plenty for comfort. Women complain that their gowns are torn from their bodies, and experienced James know better than to don the best they have for a White House rout. I have myself seen three or four women fainting within a space ten feet square, so great the crush and so poor the ventilation. These things have been right here under our eyes for years and years; there has been more or less talk of building a new White House, or of enlarging the old one, but it all ends in talk. One President is afraid to take hold of the project with energy for fear some one will accuse him of trying to get a "palace" for his use in this democratic land. Each of his successors in turn is subjected to the same timidity. The result is that nothing is done. But some day, it is to be feared, accident may visit upon the famous Mansion a tragedy so terrible that the whole world will have cause to mourn; and then what a lot of people will be wanting to lick the door after the horse is gone!

Once in a while a half serious effort is made to provide the funds for a new Executive Mansion; but every such move is blocked by the outcry of a class of people who almost out-Chinese the Chinese in their love for old things. "What!" they exclaim, with indignation or itches, "tear down the old Mansion that has been the home of two dozen of our great and good Presidents? We'll never consent to it, sir. Touch not a timber of that gray old pile; it is hallowed in American history, sacred in the hearts of the people."

Well, suppose it is; that is no reason why it should be maintained as a deathtrap and as a destroyer of women's gowns and every one's peace of mind. Besides, no one proposes to destroy it. After all, it is not such a bad old house, as far as it goes; but it does not go far enough. The late Mrs. Harrison, wife of President Harrison of Indiana, had the right idea about improving the White House—an enlargement, wings and a picture gallery and conservatory thrown out from either flank, leaving the original structure unharmed. That is the idea which Colonel Bingham favors, and which Congress is asked to appropriate funds for. Let us hope Congress responds, and that generously and quickly.

"THE PRESIDENCY THE HARDEST JOB ON THE FACE OF THE EARTH"

During President McKinley's illness Secretary Cortelyou was virtually President of the United States. He transacted a great deal of public business, with the President's authority behind him, of course, and wrote a good many letters of importance in the President's name. Mr. Cortelyou is well fitted for his task as chief assistant and confidential adviser to the

President. He is one of the finest types I know of that fine type of useful Americans, the confidential man. I have seen a good many of them, in the offices of public officials, railway presidents, heads of great industrial institutions, and they always elicit my admiration for their tact, their skill, their "smoothness," their placidity, their knack of knowing just what to do and what to say—likewise what not. It has often seemed to me that some of the most promising material for the diplomatic service of our country could be found among these men and women who sit as the eyes and ears and tongues of greater persons.

If any one imagines that being President of the United States is an easy thing he ought to come down and try it for a time. I heard a member of the Cabinet say that the Presidency was the hardest job on the face of the earth. A little investigation appears to demonstrate that this is literally true. In our system the President is not only at the head of the government, but he is at the head of the party which rules the government. He is a statesman and a politician at the same time, and it is not easy to say in which rôle he finds most trouble. Great as his responsibility is, it is nothing compared to the demands upon his time and strength made by our absurd democratic system of requiring the President to see virtually every one who wants to see him. Your average American having some business with Uncle Sam is not content to get along with an under-official; American like, he wants to march straight to headquarters—that is, to the President himself. And as a rule he manages to do so. The head of our government is, with the possible exception of the Czar of Russia, the most powerful ruler in the world, in the sense of personal sway over men and measures, and at the same time he is by tradition required to keep his doors open not only to all of the eighty-odd Senators and the three hundred and fifty-odd Representatives, but to divers other persons of even less importance. It is an unwritten law that all candidates for office who come to Washington must call upon the President, generally in the tow of a Senator or Representative. These and many other matters which, in a railroad or other industrial organization, or in any other government but ours, could not possibly get higher up than the head of a bureau or perhaps the head of a department, here find their way easily to the President himself. Then there are the social duties which devolve upon the head of the state—the receptions and dinners, and casual greeting of casual visitors—all of which requires a heap of time and energy.

It is not surprising that President McKinley, with all his tact and art in the reception and disposition of people, is unable to find time to do any reading beyond a few hasty glances at the newspapers. Where you and I read books and magazines and the weeklies and the reviews in order to keep in touch with the ever-flowing current of thought and development in this busy world of ours, the President is compelled to get along wholly without them and to rely entirely upon his ear for all such information. It is an open secret in Washington that during his recent illness the President could have been about virtually every day, so far as strength was concerned, but his sly friend and medical man, Dr. Rixey, improved a nice opportunity to put his patient to bed and to inflict upon him a little of the much-needed but not wholly welcome rest-cure. The truth is, that just as the United States at the beginning of the twentieth century has outgrown the Executive Mansion or "President's house" which our forefathers planned at the end of the eighteenth, so has this become too big a country and too much of a world power to go on much longer with the old system which makes the President the centre of everything, big or little.

SENATOR MORGAN AND THE NICARAGUA CANAL BILL

Senator Morgan of Alabama is making ready for another move toward passing his Nicaragua Canal bill. It is to be hoped he will succeed. To go down in history as the "father of the Nicaragua Canal" is the ambition of this fine old Southern gentleman and able statesman. Ever since I have been in Washington—and that is a full dozen years—Mr. Morgan has been talking of passing a Nicaragua Canal bill. He has done it once or twice, too, but we have noticed that whenever he was able to push his measure through the Senate the conditions were such that it couldn't be passed in the House. When the House passes it then it can't be forced through the Senate. In this way Mr. Morgan's aspirations and hopes have been shuttle-cocked from one end of the Capitol to the other all these years, and it is about time his patience and heroic devotion were reaping some more tangible reward. In some respects this Nicaragua Canal bill is one of the queerest measures we have ever had before Congress. It always appears to have a great majority for it in both Houses, sustained by overwhelming public opinion, and yet it never becomes law. I suppose if the surface were diligently scratched it would be found that the transcontinental railways, with their allies, the big trunk connecting roads, have a few friends in the legislative seats. At any rate, the Nicaragua bill is peculiar in this, that it has plenty of advocates till the time comes for voting, and then there is always something else of more importance that must be disposed of first, or some other obstacle suddenly looms across its path.

Not long ago, while the Hay-Pauncefote treaty was under consideration in the Senate, Mr. Morgan read in the public prints a letter about the canal and the treaty signed "American," in which it was powerfully argued that as a strategic matter alone the United States should not try to fortify and close the canal, but should endeavor to secure the pledge of all the world to its protection. Senator Morgan was delighted with this article. "It is the best thing ever written on the subject," he said; and he had it printed as a Senate document so that it might go down to posterity in the archives of

the nation. Mr. Morgan was sure Admiral Dewey had written the paper. If not Dewey it must have been Captain Mahan or some other great strategist and philosopher; Mr. Morgan wanted to know the identity of this writer, and he applied to the Secretary of State and the Secretary of the Navy for information. Neither could tell him. But I can. The article in question was written by a newspaper man who never saw a battleship or a ship canal in his life.

J. PIERPONT MORGAN'S \$500,000 CHECK

J. Pierpont Morgan's recent activity in the world of railroad reorganization has caused him to be much gossiped about in Washington circles. A Senator told me a story of this great financier which is too good to go unprinted. There is in New York a man who devotes all his energies to a certain most worthy charity and educational concern, and who occasionally finds it necessary to solicit funds with which to carry on his work. One day he rather timidly made his appearance in the banking house of Mr. Morgan, of whose shortness of manner he had heard strange tales. He hoped to get a ten or twenty dollar bill, and for this was willing to beard the lion of finance in his den.

"Why have you not been to see me before?" asked Mr. Morgan, after the visitor had briefly told his story.

"Well, I—I have thought of doing so, sir, but—but—"

"Yet you say that if you had more money you could extend your work and do a great deal more good?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, take this. Good-day."

Having reached the sidewalk the good man thought he would look at the slip of paper which the banker had placed in his hand. He took it out, glanced at it—and nearly fell into the gutter. He rubbed his eyes and looked again; yes, sure enough, there it was in plain figures, a check to his order for \$500,000! Greatly agitated, and convinced that some mistake had been made, the man made his way back to Mr. Morgan's office.

"Mr. Morgan, you gave me a check a few moments ago; but I think you must have made a mistake in it."

"I guess not; let me see."

The banker took the check, glanced at it, said "That's all right" and resumed his work.

The good man was now thoroughly overcome. He could scarcely speak. He blurted out his astonished thanks, and asked what he could do to show his gratitude for this princely generosity.

"I will tell you what you may do," said Mr. Morgan, "if you want to know. Use the money so as to do the most possible good with it and keep it out of the newspapers."

It is not the fault of the man who received the check that this pretty and true story now gets into print. There is so much charity nowadays with a publicity department attached to it that one finds it impossible to withhold his sincere admiration from a big, broad act like that.

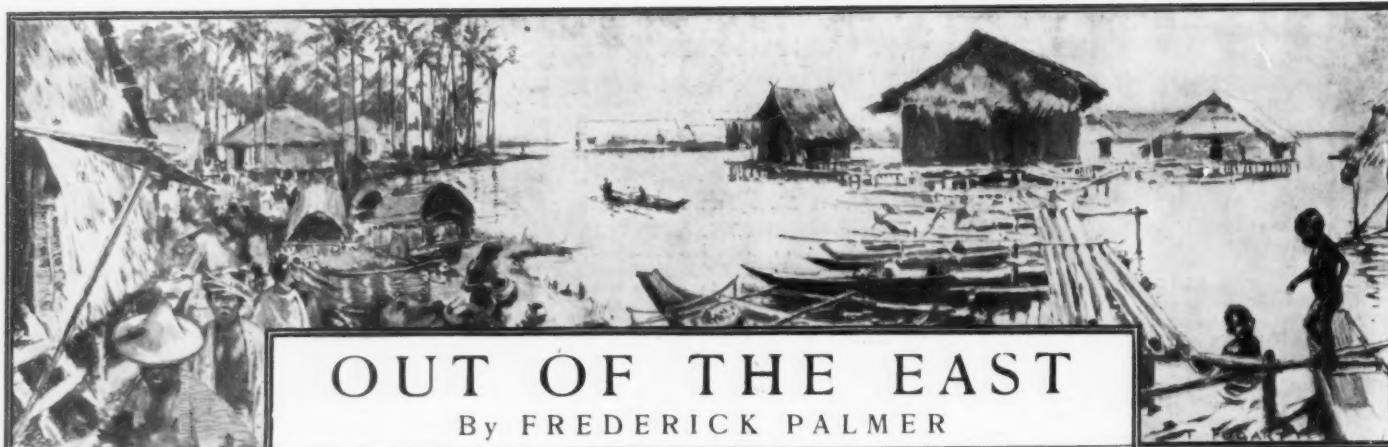
SUPREME COURT JUSTICES POOR ON \$15,000 A YEAR

Senator Hoar has asked Congress to raise the salary of the Justices of the Supreme Court to \$15,000 a year, instead of the \$10,000 which they now receive. There are not two opinions in Washington as to the justice of this increase. It is a curious phase of our civic life that we expect to go on forever getting men who can earn fifty or more thousands a year as lawyers to give up their practice before the bar and come down here and sit on our great bench for less than enough to pay their house rent and servants' wages. It is true that successful lawyers are anxious to come for the honor that is in it, but they must be men who have laid by the foundation of an income. There is a sort of tradition here that the first thing the President must do when looking about for a new Justice of the Supreme Bench is to inquire as to the financial standing of the various persons suggested. No poor man need apply; and only those who have assured and permanent incomes of from ten thousand upward per year are considered available. President Cleveland offered the Chief Justiceship of the Supreme Court to a Western lawyer of fine character and great ability, whose life-line it had been to sit upon this great Bench, but who was compelled to decline because he had a large family and no fixed income. All the offer did to that poor man was to break his heart. With ten thousand a year a Justice with a family cannot get along here if he have no independent means. Some of the Justices now on the Bench are hard pressed for ready money all the time, which is a thing that ought not to be.

THE AMBITION OF ATTORNEY-GENERAL GRIGGS

After his great speech on the colonial test case had been delivered in the Supreme Court the other day, and he had received the congratulations of many members of the bar and prominent Senators upon his success, Attorney-General Griggs told me of his first visit to the Supreme Court chamber. It was years ago, when he was a young and struggling lawyer. He knew no one in Washington except the Congressman from his district. This Congressman took him to the Supreme Court room, and as the slender young lawyer sat and looked at the nine black-robed Justices and realized that they constituted the greatest tribunal on earth, he says he heaved a sigh and said to himself: "Before I die I want the honor of standing just once before that court and addressing it upon a case of law."

Little did the young lawyer then think that he was going to have the great privilege not only of addressing the Court but of speaking to it as the representative of the United States Government upon the most important question the Court has considered in a generation if not in its history.



OUT OF THE EAST

By FREDERICK PALMER

THE SIXTH OF A SERIES OF SHORT STORIES, BASED ON OBSERVATION AND EXPERIENCE IN THE ORIENT, BY THE WELL-KNOWN TRAVELLER, FREDERICK PALMER, FOR TWO YEARS SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF COLLIER'S WEEKLY IN CHINA AND THE PHILIPPINES. WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

VI—STRUTHERS'S TEMPTATION



IT IS A LONG RUN from Governor's Island, New York, to Gigayan, Mindanao. Struthers, captain in the Eleventh, had made it without laying a cent on a card and without more than two alcoholic drinks a day. One power on earth, and only one, could have wrought such a reform. That power, gracious, patient and true, had forgiven much when she said "Yes," and exacted promises which meant the fulfillment of their hopes instead of court-martial.

Then they parted to face the great test of separation during his two or three years' foreign service.

After his company had taken peaceable possession of Gigayan, the supervising general and the transports departed, leaving Struthers a lonely monarch of all he might survey.

"Heaven knows when another steamer will call," he wrote to Her. "You must be prepared to wait a month for my next letter. But certainly you need not worry any further when I have kept the faith so far. There is nothing to make me break it in this dreary place. The old general put his hand on my shoulder before he went and told me that he had noticed the change. 'Stuck to it,' he said, 'and I'll be the trumpeter of your praises to the Department. With a province to yourself you have a fine chance.' So I have nothing to do but to work, and work hard for you, dear."

That was before Struthers saw the three books; before he found the beginnings of temptation in the large house with closed windows which stood next to that occupied by the local presidente. When he asked the presidente if it was vacant, that fat and obsequious person shrugged his shoulders, saying that sometimes it was and sometimes it was not.

"I have been thinking of it for quarters for part of my company," Struthers added.

"Ah! as you will, senior captain," was the reply. "It is a private residence. But I fear, captain, I fear that it is not suitable. We will enter and you shall see for yourself. You know best, senior."

In answer to the presidente's knock a Moro, with a great red turban on his head and an ivory-handled kris in his sash of yellow silk, admitted them into a hall which was of the usual bare type of houses of Spaniards or well-to-do Filipinos. He led them up the stairs, where he drew back a hanging for them to enter the main apartment, which was in darkness. There they waited a moment while he pushed back the big sliding windows.

As the aggressive tropical light burst in, Struthers uttered a little whistle of surprise. He was not prepared to find palaces in Mindanao, the most savage and the least known of the islands of the archipelago. Nor did his prefatory impression prepare him for the details of luxurious furnishings of a room whose dimensions were at least eighty by fifty. His vision was first attracted by a grand piano strewn with music and then by a dozen antique Chinese and Japanese vases standing in the corners and by the doorways, which were screened by hangings of mandarin silk. The floor was of slabs of polished Molave two feet in breadth.

On the broad arm of the long chair beside the centre-table was a little paper-knife of mother-of-pearl such as women use, and on the foot of the chair was a book open with the back up as if to keep the place where the reader had left off when called away. Struthers picked it up. It was the "Seven Seas." One of the two books on the table was Loti's "Madame Chrysanthème," the other a dictionary of Spanish and English. The education and catholicity of taste here represented were even more surprising than the furnishings.

"Who reads French and English?" he asked the presidente, all other thoughts submerged in curiosity.

"Oh, Senorita Fernandez, of course," was the reply.

"Who owns the house?"

"Senorita Fernandez, now that her father is dead. Senorita Fernandez—and her brother!"

"Where is she?"

"In the country, I believe, Senior Captain."

"When did she go?"

"I cannot say."

"Ask the servant there."

"He does not know," was the reply. "I mean, he would not tell. It is his business not to tell, Senior Captain. But I think she went the day she saw your gunboats coming in. It looks as if she left in a hurry, for she allows the servants to disturb nothing while she is away."

"Then she is an insubordinate?"

"Her brother is. He commands the insurgents in the field. As for her, she is a woman, Senior Captain—such a woman!"

While he was asking these questions Struthers had been looking at the paintings on the walls. Some bore French names with which he was familiar; others Spanish names

with which he was unfamiliar. One in particular attracted his attention. The scene was laid, clearly enough, in the tropics. It represented a great bungalow surrounded by palms on a hillside looking out over the sea.

"The Fernandez country place, about fifteen miles out, painted by the senorita herself," said the presidente at his elbow.

There was something at once grotesque, pathetic and fascinating about a country house in the wilds and a town house in Gigayan.

"Painting, French, English! Where did she learn all these things? Surely not in the Philippines!"

"In Europe, in Paris," said the presidente, as if the two were much the same thing. "They went to Japan often. They have a house in the hills there, too. She was in Europe four years. Don Alfonso went as far as Aden to take her and to bring her back. He never went further than Aden; never through the canal."

"Why wouldn't he go back? Why did he come to Mindanao?" Struthers demanded.

Again the presidente shrugged his shoulders. Yes, he shrugged them twice, which meant that there was mystery but not all was mystery.

"The father, half English, half Basque, came here with money—oh, many years ago. He married a Filipino lady—oh, a beautiful devil of a Filipino lady, Senior Captain! He came for a reason. What reason? Only one man ever asked him. That was the Spanish governor. In a month after he had asked it he was recalled to Spain. Then Don Alfonso became ruler of Mindanao by appointment from the crown, as he was already in fact. He owned two-thirds of the hemp ground here; he had gold mines in the interior, worked and guarded by his own men. He owned sugar plantations in Negros and pearl fisheries in the Sulu. Millions of pesos, millions—if his titles are good! Are they?"

If the presidente betrayed solicitude on this point it was unnoticed by the preoccupied captain.

"Oh, yes, yes, if good under Spanish laws. Then I judge that Don Alfonso is dead?"

"The coming of the Americans hastened his death. When he heard of the victory of your great, your noble Dewey he said—pardon me—yes, he said 'American pigs! Spanish fools!' Yes, he repeated that over and over again the day he died. You see, he did not know the Americans," the presidente added apologetically.

"And Senorita Fernandez—will she return to Gigayan?"

"Perhaps. I do not know. Will you imprison her as a suspect, may I ask, Senior Captain?"

And if Struthers had been ordinarily acute he could have seen again that the sleek, round-faced little man was betraying self-interest in the question.

"We do not punish women," was the reply.

The presidente then thought that it was just possible that Senorita Fernandez might return soon.

She did by the grace of the information which he sent to her. Only two days had elapsed when the presidente appeared at Struthers's desk with word that the senorita was outside seeking an interview.

Struthers had expected to see a *mestiza*, but only the trained eye of one who had lived long in the Philippines would have discerned any evidence of native blood. Her beauty, if she were beautiful—that remained until the end a question with Struthers—had none of the languor of the full-blooded or of the half-breed Spaniard. Charm, which is so different from beauty, she possessed in every pose. She was tall and slim, yet the native gown which she wore revealed in the fine shoulders and neck the legacy of an ancestry which carried burdens on their heads. She did not make a deep courtesy of the *mestiza* kind, but nodded and came forward to meet him with the ease and candor of a Northerner who is sure of herself. An attendant native woman remained by the doorway, and in the shadow back of her Struthers recognized the face of the Moro who had admitted him and the presidente to the Fernandez residence.

"I came to ask what you would do with my brother if he should surrender," she said, taking the chair which Struthers placed for her.

"Release him on parole of good behavior," replied Struthers.

"No, you would not do that," she said, looking straight into his eyes. "No, you only say you would. I know! I know!"

"We have been doing it in Luzon for over a year. Scores of generals, colonels, and what not of the Filipino army are going freely about the streets. You read English. Perhaps you have been in England. You must have heard of the Anglo-Saxon way."

"Yes," she replied. "Once I was in England. I was ill with pneumonia—oh, so ill! I lived to get out of London because I could not bear to die there. It was all like they said in Paris—foggy, sooty, chilly, never the sight of the sun! Then do I not know it? The French, if they were in your

place, would they not take our estates for their own spoils—they, the conquerors? And the English! Are they not worse? Are they not seizing the whole world? And the Americans! Are they not still worse? You are so white, so honest! You cannot be bribed as the Spaniards could. You just seize and hold!"

The daring of her remarks was as attractive as the manner of their delivery. Struthers undertook what was undeniably, in this instance, the delicious task of being an educator. She listened with parted lips, as if intensely interested, but now and then shook her head sceptically. She was such a good listener that he went that very evening to her house to continue his elucidation of the President's proclamation and our institutions. What man but lately from Governor's Island, fallen into the abyss of Gigayan, could have resisted the company of a woman who had the manners befitting the palace in which she lived?

He wrote in that little daily chronicle which was to be mailed to Her at home that he had great hopes of capturing the foremost insurgent general on the island—a prize which every commanding officer in Mindanao had set for himself. If he succeeded, the sound of his praises would be carried past the Ayuntamiento and as far as Washington. He did not mention the senorita. Why should he? She was only the agent.

He called at the Fernandez house frequently in the morning and he went there every evening after dinner. Finally, she was almost convinced. She said that she would communicate his proposal to her brother. And the scales grew thicker over Struthers's eyes. One evening he found her in a Persian tea-gown.

"I am dressed for Paris," she said, stretching her arms with hands clasped and throwing her head to one side. "It will make the tyrant white man feel more at home, will it not?"

Its lines became her supple figure far better than the native gowns or the Japanese kimono which she sometimes wore. It carried her completely out of the domain of savagery. All the impulses of the Struthers of the days before he promised not to break the faith came back to him.

"You could waltz in that!" he exclaimed. "Can't you waltz—waltz as the French do, as we do, not in the little nickety steps of the Filipinos?"

"Yes."

"But we have no one to play the piano," he said.

She replied by whistling adeptly the first bars of a Strauss "Siren," and the next moment they were skimming over the hard-wood floor. They danced until Struthers was in such a fever of infatuation that when they came to the end of their endurance he seized her in both arms and kissed her. She screamed and struck him in the face with her clenched fist. "It is always that way with you white men!" she cried, and dashed out of the room.

Struthers did not write in his journal that night that he had kept the faith. In truth, he did not write in his journal at all. He looked at the photograph of Her, which held the place of honor in his room; he thought of what had just passed, and he was very much at a loss what to make of himself or of the situation. And he was still in utter confusion of mind the next morning when, to his great surprise, the senorita appeared alone and unannounced.

"You did not expect me," she said, "and that is why I came."

Then her eyes met the eyes in the photograph and she uttered a little cry. She picked up the photograph and scanned it sharply.

"American?" she asked, recovering her poise.

He nodded.

"You love her, too—love her very much?"

He made no reply. Spellbound, he watched her face which he saw in profile. Her nose was of the rare type which has the curve of that of the tiger, the leopard and others of the wildest tribe. Its point was rising and falling with her quick breath. The rims of the dilating nostrils were white with passion.

"Give it to me!" she demanded in answer to his silence.

"I will tear it up!"

She prepared to suit the action to the word. In contrast to this savagery, the picture of Her who had given up much to wait for Struthers, who had blended her tears with the promises she had exacted, flashed before his imagination. He had found himself—for the moment. He snatched the photograph from her hand.

"No, you'll not," he said.

She threw back her head, laughing, while she pointed her finger mockingly at him.

"I tease the American captain a little about his sweetheart at home, not?" she exclaimed. "It is very good. You must forgive me. I came early to tell you that I had heard from my brother. He will be at our bungalow in the country to-morrow. If you will come and tell him by word of mouth the

promises you have made I think that he will surrender. I am going now, to-day. Will you come to-morrow?"

Struthers hesitated, then said that he would. With this, she held out her hand in a formal parting, as if the incident that had just occurred was utterly lost in oblivion, and went out to her carromata, which was in waiting at the door.

The next morning Struthers was up as soon as the sun had thrown great sheets of gold edged with purple above the horizon of the smooth bosom of the wine-dark sea. His mind was clarified by a night's sleep. As the events of the previous morning were passed in review he was as much chilled as he had been fascinated by his contemplation of this superbly clever, inexplicable creature whose presence fully breathed passion into his blood. He realized that the senorita was the intoxication of wine and the gas-jet, and that the Girl of Home was the girl of dawn and daylight. Regret that he had made the engagement with the senorita was followed by a determination, regardless of his promise, not to make a fool-hardy journey of fifteen miles into a hostile country.

He turned toward the table which he had called his shrine, glowing with the impulse of loyalty, only to see that the photograph was no longer on the easel where he had placed it with his own hands. The senorita alone had any object in taking it. She might easily be sleeping fifteen miles away while one of her barefooted Moro servants noiselessly crept into his rooms to do her bidding. He was fully convinced that she had the photograph or that it was on its way to her bungalow.

He sent his orderly, who brought two horses back to the barracks, and, unattended, rode into a new world. Gigayan was one of a half-dozen ports on the northern coast of Mindanao inhabited by emigrants from the Visayan or middle group of islands of the archipelago. Pass out of the village and out of the shadow of the church, and you were in the land of the life, swaggering, grave Mohammedan, whom the Spaniards never found worth conquering except by flats. Struthers was too old a soldier not soon to realize the hazard of his journey, or how easy it would be for the senorita to trap him if she were of the mind. The Moros, who rise with the sun, stopped by the roadside, their fingers playing with the handles of their kris, eyeing curiously this new breed of white man, as they would any white man, for that matter, who had the temerity to ride among them alone.

The road, broad enough for a carromata, had only trails and paths leading off from it. Apparently it had been built by old Fernandez for his own accommodation in going to and from his country seat. For a distance of a few miles before reaching his destination Struthers passed through a continuous grove of bearing coconut trees, which alone must yield a great income each year to their owner.

The bungalow itself, of one high story, covered so large an area as to suggest a building for exhibits at an exposition. Its encircling verandas were hung with mats. As he approached, two servants ran out to meet him. One took his horse, while the other lifted one of the mats for him to pass into the shade and a recess cooled by the passage of air through the mats which coolies kept moistened. Here the senorita, dressed in the tea-gown that she had worn on the

evening that they had waltzed together, received him. He had determined to be business-like, and he was, to start with.

"Has your brother arrived?" he asked in a West Point manner.

"No. I am afraid that he will not come. I have been so friendly to you—to the Americans—sounded your praises so highly—that I fear he mistrusts some plot. We shall have to wait a little. In time we shall win him over."

"I thought as much," said Struthers. "And now for the photograph."

"The photograph? The photograph of your sweetheart, you mean?" she exclaimed.

"Yes. You have it," he said with conviction.

"Yes," she answered, laughing and clasping her hands, stretching her arms and throwing her head on one side, "I have. I knew that you would surely come then, come after it. It is quite safe. I would not destroy it when you did not want it destroyed. You give me that credit?" She bent forward wittingly.

"Yes," he said.

"You shall have it after tiffin, which will be ready soon. Until then, sit down and rest."

Struthers, an infantryman and unused to riding, was weary, and more thirsty than he was weary. He accepted the chair she offered and drank the cocktail which a servant brought. It was a handmaiden to the cool air of the porch in satisfying him with a momentary state of bliss.

The dining-room was of high ceiling, with four great punkas swinging to and fro, and no a fly in sight. The glass and the silver, the linen, were quite as intoxicating as the wine to the soldier in khaki. Two Visayans were noiseless and all-pervading in their attendance. And thus Struthers found himself dining instead of merely eating—dining for the first time in months.

The woman opposite him ate little, drank little. She played with her guest, even as varying emotions played upon a face that was not at its best in repose. Now her chin was resting on her clasped hands and she looked at him through her eyelashes, and again she threw back her head in mock defiance. They talked of many things, and Struthers was conscious of asking her why, when she was so wealthy, she did not go to Europe where she could find pleasures more to her taste.

"In Europe I feel always as a woman who is for the first time in stays. There, thousands of francs for a little house! Here, this great place and the sea beyond—all are mine. I love it. By and by I will go back to Paris for a little while, but I shall soon long to be here among my Moros. Is it not a good life, a free life? Would you, if you had it all and your father had built it all, captain, would you dislike it so much?"

She leaned over the table while she spoke, and as he sipped his coffee he could not raise his eyes from hers, which were winning back the sway they had held upon the night of the waltz.

"And now, now," she said, "I will get you the photograph of your sweetheart. You want it—so—much?" nodding her head half mockingly, half seriously.

He did not reply.

"Yes," she said, rising, "I will get it."

If she had been sitting beside him on one of the easy, long cane chairs which have made so many matches in the Orient he would have been irretrievably lost. When she rose he had a respite from the witchery of her gaze.

"If you please, thank you," he said in a faint voice that seemed ridiculous in his own ears.

She returned with a parcel in her hand.

"You see I have done it up with a loop in the string to put your finger through," she said, "the same as they do in the shops. Unless you must have it open so you may look at it at once! If so, you can rest it against the water-jug as an easel while you drink your mint."

She held the package daintily out to him and he took it. Her manner angered him now as much as it had fascinated him a moment before.

"Thank you," he said. "Thank you for returning stolen goods. I think I will be going now."

"Oh, no, You must have your mint. It's—it's the thief's courtesy. I insist. Or, as our Moros say—"

Then she spoke some gibberish which proved to be a signal.

Struthers heard a rush behind him, and a dozen Moros, their kris drawn, leaped out from behind the hangings at his back and surrounded him. Any opera bouffe suggestion which their garb and the suddenness of their appearance might give was overshadowed by their seriousness and their unsheathed blades. Struthers sprang up only to see that he was hopelessly entrapped. A vision of his disgrace as an officer for literally putting his neck into a halter flashed before his mind. The Service would know why he had come; would gossip about it, laugh over it; and such would be the fulfillment of his promises for the One who waited at home. He sank into his chair with an oath.

"Remember you are in a woman's presence," the senorita said chidingly. "We of the tropics have a right to get excited. But you Northrons—you who come from where the snow carpets the ground, where icicles hang to the branches of the trees in place of leaves, and not the sound of a bird's note or the ripple of a rill is heard—we expect you, at least, to be always cool. Please drink your mint, captain."

So he drank the mint; and then he smoked a cigarette at her bidding. For there was nothing else to do, and he realized the purposelessness of argument.

Then she spoke to one of the Moros, and all of them withdrew behind the curtains. Struthers sprang to his feet, as if to make the best of a chance to escape. She detained him.

"You need not hurry," she said. "Hurry is bad in the tropics—almost as bad as to leave the table without mint and a cigarette."

She followed him to the door, where she held out her hand. He touched his lips to it.

"That is better," she told him. "Far be it from us savages to teach our civilizers manners, but you must learn that you cannot embrace every woman at will just because she has a little native blood in her veins. *Adios!*"

As Struthers rode away he wondered if the parting would have been different if he had not accepted the photograph. What do you think?

THE END



"IT IS ALWAYS THAT WAY WITH YOU WHITE MEN!" SHE CRIED

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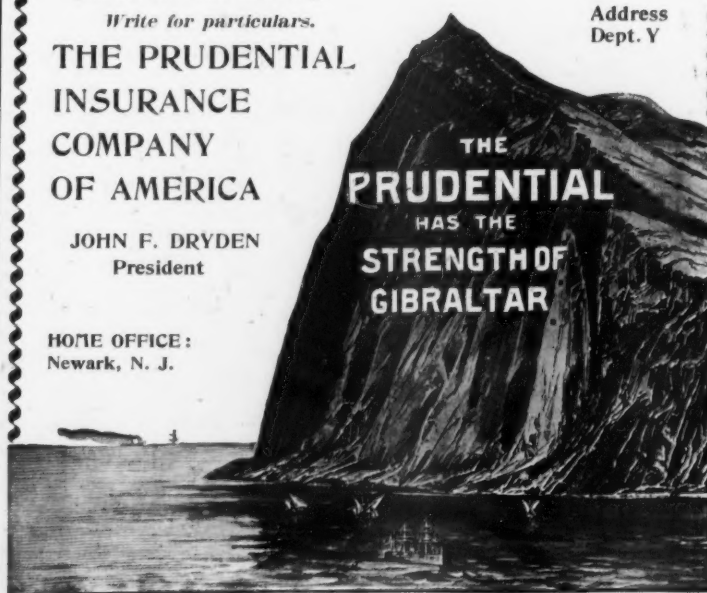
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THE OBSERVATIONS AND EXPERIENCES OF A NAVAL ARTIST By H. REUTERDAHL & Illustrated by the Author

EDITOR'S NOTE—Mr. Henry Reuterdahl, the American marine artist, whose most effective work has appeared in *COLLIER'S WEEKLY*, departed for Europe in June, 1900, to represent the *WEEKLY* abroad as special artist, for the purpose of preparing a series of drawings illustrating the navies of the world. This is the first time in the history of American journalism that an emissary of a weekly has successfully managed to penetrate the barriers of secrecy which surround the navies of Europe.

The articles accompanying these drawings are written by the foremost naval experts in Europe and America. Among others may be mentioned Fred. T. Jane, the English naval writer, and compiler of "The Jane Naval Annual," "The Imperial Russian Navy," etc.; H. W. Wilson, another English naval expert, and author of the standard history of the Spanish War, "The Downfall of Spain"; and Captain Herman Wrangel, of the Royal Swedish Navy.



A BRITISH MARINE OFFICER

AN INTERESTING spot is Portsmouth, the naval centre of Great Britain and, it may almost be said, of the world; for to Spithead come sooner or later the fighting ships of all nations. The service is the life of the town, and the navy is its mainstay. All nationalities mingle there, and all are welcome, from the big Norseman to the diminutive Japanese, the latter being noted for his liberality and well-filled purse.

In the harbor there is always a concourse of ships. Up the creek is the dockyard, with its hundred men-of-war awaiting commission or in reserve. Cruisers and battleships mingle with the gunboats of Whale Island, the gunnery school, while the rakish forms of the "destroyers" line the quays of the dockyard. Opposite these rides the *Victory*, Nelson's flagship, a reminder of the strength of Britain's sea power, and, berthed near by, in strong contrast with the old ship, is the port guard-ship, the *Trafalgar*, black and ponderous-looking.

Above the *Trafalgar*, as she is familiarly called, is the new cruiser *Diamond*, a small copy of the *Powerful*, bristling with crows and smoke-stacks, and dirty and begrimed from high speeding. A swag-bellied collier is moored to her, awaiting preparations for coaling. Past the cruiser glides the *Viper*, the fastest ship in the world, going to sea for her final trials, the swell from her bow playing havoc with small craft anchored near. Passing the white and black forts of Spithead, she puts on full speed and is soon lost in her own smoke and foam.

OFFICERS OF THE QUEEN'S NAVY

Youth is a byword in the English navy. As a boy of fifteen the British naval man begins his career. He is enrolled in the *Britannia* and set to do a man's work. Here he masters the naval art, is bullied by upper-class mates, and in two years' time is an officer of her Majesty's fleet, a real midshipman. As a sub-lieutenant he is in command of some hundred feet of steel-covered machinery, learning torpedo-boat tactics of "line ahead" and "line abreast" at a twenty-knot clip. He has a don't-give-a-hang look in his

eyes, and, in spite of his cubbish age, he commands the respect of his crew, from the "tiffy" down to his messmate, the gray-bearded gunner.

When you next meet him he is pacing the bridge, his eyes glued to the speed cones ahead, the guiding spirit of 15,000 tons of moving iron, straining every nerve to keep the monster craft at the given distance from the churning screws of the ship ahead. This training is under the direct eye of the admiral who, from his exalted position on the after-bridge, keeps his finger on the pulses of these throbbing engines of war.

As a senior officer, his duties are more varied. One year may find him arbiter of justice at Wei-hei-Wei, the next at the head of his column dragging a four-point-seven over the kopjes of the Transvaal—sometimes gaining a Victoria cross, or a glorious death as one of the "makers of the Empire."

It should be said that the British officer is, as a rule, hospitality itself. A foreigner, and especially an American, is received with great courtesy. In the wardroom there are to be found the latest yarns about the success of submarine boats and the perfidy of the decadent neighbor across the Channel.

COALING ONE OF HER MAJESTY'S CRUISERS

Great Britain, recognizing that speedy coaling is essential to mobility, has inaugurated a coaling system in the navy that is unrivalled anywhere. Holding the coaling record, the British tar can afford to smile at the efforts of other nations, well remembering the fiasco made by the Italian and French fleets during the recent naval reviews at Spithead.



GREAT BRITAIN—"AS A SUB-LIEUTENANT HE IS IN COMMAND OF SOME HUNDRED FEET OF STEEL-COVERED MACHINERY"

The coaling of a cruiser affords an interesting sight. A couple of colliers are fastened like leeches to her flanks. To prevent chafing and scars, the ship's painted sides have been covered by canvas screens. The guns have been likewise protected, and all the cabins and skylights have been tightly locked. Down in the holds of the colliers, the jackies work in all sorts of rigs, cheerily filling the coal bags, their singing and shouting drowned by the rattling winch. The officers, covered with dirt, black as ink, guide the work of the swarms of men, who sweat and swear in the dust-laden atmosphere. It is almost impossible to recognize the smart-looking "sub" who, although an earl, is slaving like a demon, shovel in hand, and as black as ebony.

The collier is supplied with a temperer—transporter—which ingenious contrivance lifts and discharges the coal bags automatically upon the loading platforms, whence they are snatched away and flung on trucks to be taken to the doors of the bunkers. Amid the hideous, ear-splitting noise darts the commander, a soot-covered figure, in the dim light, who, as executive, is expected to be in two or three places at the same time.

In the bunkers are the trimmers, stretched out on all fours, packing the coal as quickly as it pours down, but not quickly enough for the gang above. When the bunkers are nearly full, the trimmers have to come up, the last man lying on his back and pushing the coal into the corners with his feet. And as they emerge from their holes, the intensity of their blackness makes the deck-hands look gray by comparison.

During manoeuvres and in war time the whole ship's company, with the exception of the captain and the watch, is expected to bear a hand with the shovel. This is traditional, and for the officer who sulks many ways of snubbing are in vogue. The English believe in rapid coaling by their own crews, and do not think that the energies of officers and men, exhausted by a night's coaling, will cripple their efficiency and fighting capacity. The coaling record of the world is held by her Majesty's ship *Majestic*, which for eight hours averaged 160 tons an hour. Such a result is due to keen competition and to the mania for making records even more than to improved methods and appliances.

BRITISH CONSERVATISM

The bane of the navy is red tape and conservatism. These prevent the experimenting with and adoption of the inventions of other nations. The successful activity of French and American submarine boat construction has not, in spite of the loud cries of the press, destroyed the apathy of the Admiralty, the illustrious lords declaring that submarine boats are a "confession of weakness." The prospect of the tremendous moral effect that a few *Narvals*, probably the best type of the French submarine boat, would have if they got into the waters of Spithead, with nothing to oppose them but mines and quick-firing guns, has so far had no appreciable influence on naval authorities.

That admirals and "middles" bathe in portable tubs and have their cabins heated by foul-smelling stoves are well-known facts that stand as other monuments to the obstinate conservatism of the British naval constructor.

America and France, having learned a lesson from Yalu and Santiago, are eliminating all wood, and installing metal furniture, in the interiors of their fighting craft, while England is still satisfied to have tons of wood in hers, the authorities claiming that to do away with wood entirely would make "an uncomfortable ship."

IN CHERBOURG WITH THE FRENCH FLEET

To the average Frenchman the navy is a great mystery. It is with an awe almost sublime that he looks upon the monsters of steel, confident that some day they will help to bring back Lorraine as well as Fashoda. The air of secrecy surrounding everything naval and military is the curse of France, for it serves only to shield incompetence and to hide weakness.

Military and naval secrecy is played as a sort of "bluff" game among the nations. Each pretends to have some secret device that the others would give their heads to know. The "bluff" is not made with a view to deceiving the foreign ex-

ports, but for the purpose of making the native population believe that there is a great and mysterious reserve force available for military use.

A foreigner staying in a naval town is considered almost as a spy, and one using a sketch-book is regarded as a Dreyfus, sent there to carry away not only the plans of the famous field-gun, but also the menu of the admiral's dinner—which to most admirals is of equal strategic importance. To show how far this feeling is carried in France, it is only necessary to mention that during last summer's naval review at Cherbourg the cameras of some three hundred newspaper men, who had come expressly to picture the fête, were confiscated for the day, it being forbidden to bring them through the arsenal gate. The gendarmes even went so far as to search the pockets of the correspondents, which brought out pocket kodaks by the dozen. The suggestion of placing the instruments on board the press boat met with a refusal, and not a very polite one. Hence the absence of photographs of this world-renowned event.

This is quite in line with the fact, that the marine painter to the Minister of Marine is not permitted to go to sea with the fleet for fear he may observe something that should not be seen.

The courtesy of the French officers is of two kinds—officially, cold; privately, freezing. There is a ring of "à bas les Anglais" in your ears as you set foot on

the crew congregates around the smoking-lamp, rolling and smoking their cigarettes and chanting the songs of Yann Nibor, the elected poet of the navy. There the Norman, broad-shouldered and blond, a descendant of the Vikings, is side by side with the dark-skinned Algerian, whose lusty color is strongly contrasted with the pale cheeks of the Paris gamin, who is frequently found on board.

As a theorist the French officer is without a peer. As an artilleryman and engineer he is excellent, and is full of enthusiasm for new and untried inventions. The protective quality of armor, as well as the advantages of the long gun, with its enormous muzzle velocity, were first recognized by him. So also was the value of the submarine torpedo boat, which has in France been developed to a high degree—just how far the world does not yet know. Submarine boats, in commission or building, are guarded night and day by a cordon of marine infantry, which puts them beyond the faintest possibility of inspection, even by the smartest of naval attaches.

The French officer is an amusing fellow. He is almost as dignified as the Japanese, and that is saying a great deal. To a foreigner, he appears cold and reserved. His knowledge of English is remarkably good—far better than the American officer's knowledge of French. He is an inveterate cigarette smoker, and to one used to the ways of an American quarter-deck it seems strange to meet the officer of the deck with a

small cruiser have steamed up the various rivers; and models of new ships have been placed in the interior towns. No effort is spared in stirring up public opinion in favor of a powerful navy.

By 1904 Germany will have a navy of 19 first-class battleships, 8 coast-defence ironclads, 12 armored and 30 smaller cruisers, in addition to torpedo craft and special-service vessels; while sixteen years later the navy will consist of 34 battleships, 20 large and 48 small cruisers. Such is the magnificent programme of the Emperor.

The profession of sailor belongs, in Germany, to the man of means. The parent or guardian of a youth at the Naval School must provide 4,720 marks for his four years' course, to maintain him in his station as an officer and a gentleman, and to furnish his outfit when he is commissioned. After the grade of sub-lieutenant is reached, the kind father is asked to give another 3,000 marks to cover the four years' period elapsing before the grade of first lieutenant is attained. This is always compulsory, it being the custom to exact a written promise stating the parental contribution to a pfennig. What would an American father say, were he asked to aid the government in making his son a naval officer? There might be less of a rush to Annapolis to reap the benefits of what is probably the finest naval school in existence.

This extra money is much needed, for the pay of the German sailorman is very small and does not cover his



FRANCE—On board the first-class battleship "Brennus," with the fleet off Cherbourg.

The ships in the background are the "Bouvet" and "St. Louis"



GERMANY—Splitting the advancing seas is the

the quarter-deck. This impression is intensified by the captain's question, "Are you English?" Your answer may mend matters, but this depends largely upon the digestion of that worthy man. Should you happen to be a naval artist with an eye for pictures, you are planted on a ship antedating Noah. A protest may result in permission to visit a more modern craft, but with distinct orders not to go below the gun-deck. You are smilingly put in charge of a tar, who, in the guise of an interpreter, is really a guard, and his duty is to keep you from "souvenirizing" six-pounder shells, and see that no dynamite is reported in promiscuous places. Every move is reported, and you are morally certain, on leaving the ship, that the officer of the watch, or, as he is called in France, "officier de quart," knows whether you sneezed in the fighting-top or on the bridge. But, in spite of the fact that you are a guest of the government, no one invites you to partake, either of the "vin ordinaire" or of the onion soup. You are left to reflect upon your own greatness and the world-renowned French courtesy.

The French discipline is good—almost equal to the English, but below the German. The men are well set, and quick and eager in obeying orders, but lacking the initiative of the American Jackie, and, unlike him and his cousin the Britisher, not given to drink. During the naval review at Cherbourg, with about 6,000 men ashore, there were few cases of drunkenness. The French sailor's joy seems to express itself in smoking bad cigarettes and in shouting an occasional "Vive la Marine!" between drinks of sour wine.

His characteristics are seen to best advantage when

cigarette in hand. He lives like a king, and not like a sailor. His quarters—that is, on the larger ships—are spacious, compared with a Harlem flat. The cabin of the admiral is a wonderful affair, a beautiful and airy room, furnished with princely magnificence. His dining-room, with its massive silver and luxurious table appointments, makes one forget that one is aboard an engine of war. Artistic carvings cover the walls, stands of arms break the lines of the panels, while the inscription, the motto of the French fleet, "Honneur et Patrie," is graven in metal over the door.

THE SOLDIERS OF THE SEA

Always in uniform, groomed to a high polish, more a soldier than a sailor, is the German naval man. His whole life and thought are for the Kaiser, the Navy, the Uniform; for the Kaiser as the founder of the new arm, for the Navy as his profession, for the Uniform as the symbol of power. He believes that the Kaiser will some day make the German navy the most powerful in the world. The Emperor's ceaseless struggle for this end is notorious and everything points to the fulfillment of his plans.

The Kaiser has surrounded himself with young and ambitious admirals, and has inoculated the nation with a desire for the dominion of the seas. This feeling has been stimulated by means as varied as they are interesting. Navy Leagues have been formed—and it would be well worth our while to establish one here, for west of the Mississippi the navy is still a myth, in spite of the recent war—lectures have been given all through Germany; year after year torpedo boats and

expenses as an officer and as a Beau Brummel. Never seen out of uniform, except when on leave, he presents the proverbial bandbox appearance. Compared with his brother officers of other navies, he is by far the best dressed and the smartest looking, whether on parade or on service. His ways of messing are frugal, but he lives fairly well, and an ample supply of beer makes up for the absence of table luxuries.

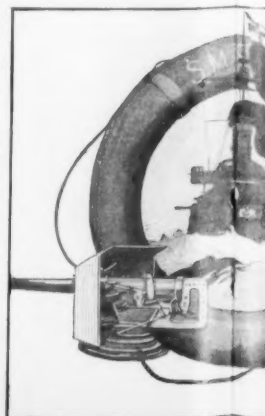
He has one great fault. In common with his brother of the army, his respect for the uniform is so great that he has none left for the garb of the civilian, who, in fear and trembling, addresses the mighty power of militarism, proud to be side by side with a clanking sword and a brass-buttoned tunic. A good rule of conduct when in Germany is—be self-important; wear a uniform, even though it be that of the Knights of Pythias!

The game of secrecy is not played so deeply in the German navy as in the French, and the man of pencil and paint can pursue his studies with great ease; but woe unto him if he attempt an excursion outside the given field—such as going aboard a ship not mentioned in his letter of "Erlaubnis." Armed with two personal letters to an officer of a ship, I asked leave to sketch a turret interior and was smilingly shown into the armor-plated structure, only to be forced out an hour later and ordered to leave the ship. My long stay in the turret had aroused the suspicions of the officer of the deck, and he would not understand that a careful drawing was desired and not a jumble of lines. So out I went, past the sentry, with visions of arrest before me, and all for wanting to sketch a pair of guns and their antediluvian loading mechanism.

ism. As I went over the side of the ship, I was discussing my spy-like appearance.

THE GRAY SHIPS OF THE FLEET

Surrounded by her fleet of battleships, her monster stretching guns which form a wall of steel in the morning sky. On board the flagship, General quarters is sounded, and hoarse voices are heard in the corridors.



NAVAL LIFE ABROAD

WEEKLY



followed by an uprush of men from everywhere, as if there had been an explosion below. Then the men are stationed at the ammunition hoists, ready to send powder and shell flying aloft to the turrets; while in the magazines of the secondary batteries lie rows of ammunition boxes, cylindrical in shape, their contents to be devoured by the death-dealing quick-firing guns.

The forward turret swings lazily to starboard and then to port. The gear is in good working order, and as the guns are being elevated the drill commences in earnest. The breech-blocks are pulled open, and, with a creak and a bang, up comes the projectile resting on its loading-tray. The heavy davit is swung over, bringing the shell in line with the piece, and as the tray is snapped on the gun sturdy hands send the shell home. The tray is taken below and another carries the powder, incased in a brass cylinder. Again the loading-tray is locked, the loader ramming the charge. A twist on the breech-block lever, and the piece is ready for firing. The gun-captain is in the sighting-hood, and the muzzles of the heavy Krupps are lifted upward as the pressure on the key fires the charges.

On the deck of the superstructure are the quick-firing guns, each served by three men. The gun-captain, who sights and fires the piece, sits on a leather cushion resting upon a bracket-like structure which revolves with the gun. The discharge is made by a quick jerk of his body, the lanyard being attached to a leather belt around his waist. The Germans claim

the division, the whole forming a keen wedge of steel. The crew is clustered aft of the conning-tower, sheltered from the spray. The officers are on the bridge, while the signalmen, with their yellow and red speed flags, hang on to the awning stanchions.

Half-speed is ordered, and a flutter of signal flags communicates the orders to the division. The whole flotilla responds as if guided by a single hand. Another signal, and our next astern slides almost alongside, the other boats strung out in a long line, each bow overlapping the next stern, with only a few feet between them, a sort of echelon formation very much elongated. Passing Friedrichs-Ort, the mouth of the Kiel bay, and saluting the outgoing flagship with a smart "attention," the flotilla reaches the smoother waters and is ready to begin the torpedo exercise.

On deck, resting in wheel-mounted cradles, are the torpedoes, their bronze bodies shining in the sunlight. When their air chambers have been filled, they are taken forward and lowered into the bow torpedo compartment, where the vibrating thump of the air compressor drowns the shouts and orders of the "torpedo sharps."

A word, first, about torpedoes. The torpedo is, next to woman, the most wonderful creation in the world. It should be approached respectfully and with uncovered head, and petted and loved. Although not of the feminine gender, it is as capricious as a woman, and not always obedient. It is even

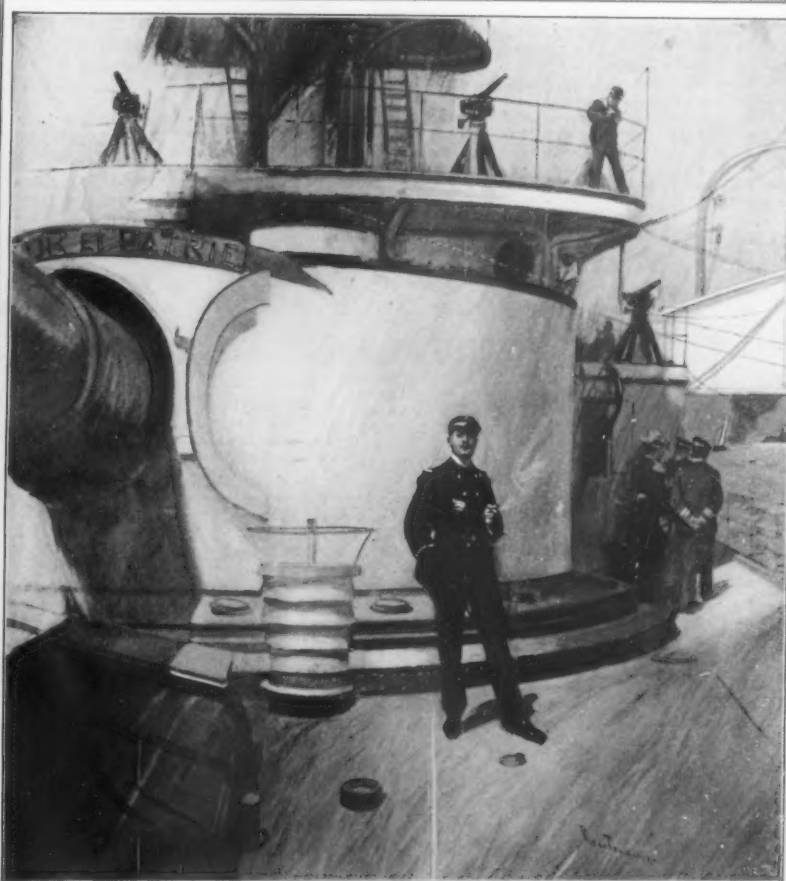
of the navy. It swarms with counts and nobles, who have a strong dislike for the sea, but are anxious to get a soft billet on shore. The navy is the present fashion, and as fashion oftenest means idleness, some of the officers are not as efficient as might be desired. This is especially true of the Emperor's guard. Excellent as courtiers, and good to look at, they are not overfond of navigation and gunnery. Their field of operations is usually the smoking cabin, and their home, when not at the Winter Palace, is the naval club at Cronstadt. On the Imperial yacht, they are supreme, basking in the sunshine of their master's presence and looking down on brother officers who do not belong to this crack corps.

Notwithstanding the number of featherbed sailors, the navy musters many earnest and some brilliant officers, eager to raise its standard. The low state of efficiency of the corps may be partially due to the rigorous climate, which prevents much drilling afloat. The long winter days are spent in the drill shed in Cronstadt and in practicing the "Kriegspiel," a naval war game, invented by one of England's foremost naval experts, Mr. F. T. Jane, for the study of the evolutions of fleets.

Foreign service is not in favor with the Russian officer, while duty in the Siberian fleet is regarded as exile. Neatness of dress does not characterize him, nor does his linen bear close inspection. But he is a good fellow, proud of Russia, and his loyalty to



Advancing seas is the coffin-like box of the division boat



FRANCE—"To one used to the ways of an American quarter-deck it seems strange to meet the officer of the deck with a cigarette in hand"

went over the side a group of sailors were by spy-like appearance and actions.

SHIPS OF THE SEA SOLDIERS
ed by her fleet of battleships and cruisers
ship, her moister hull crowned by out-
uns which form a sharp silhouette against
sky. On board all is life and bustle.
arters is sounded; shrill screams of pipes
voices are heard between decks, and is

great speed for their rapid-firing guns, but it is commonly believed that the figures obtained are the result of constant practice at the proving ground of the Krupp works, where the gun crew is drilled so thoroughly that its movements are almost automatic. It is a well-known fact that the speed of a Krupp gun, quick-firer or otherwise, is much less than that of other standard makes. This is due to the unwieldiness of the heavy breech mechanism.

AT SEA WITH THE MOSQUITO FLEET

No other nation, with probably the exception of France, has perfected its torpedo defence to such a high degree as Germany, where the tactical value of a homogeneous torpedo flotilla is thoroughly recognized. A German torpedo boat division consists of five ordinary torpedo boats and one division torpedo boat. These, with the exception of the division boat, are all alike in size, speed and armament, forming a unit, whose capacity is known to the smallest fraction. The division boat is a large, roomy craft, not so heavily armed as the British or the new American destroyers, and has three torpedo tubes, two on deck and one submerged in the bow. Its speed is high, and its manoeuvring power, in spite of the single screw, is remarkably good. The torpedo boats of the sea-going class are much like our German-built boat, the *Somers*, but considerably faster, their lines being much prettier.

The division boat leads the flotilla. It has the heavy and clumsy lines of a coffin-box, but its tremendous power drives it through the heaviest sea at great speed. Only an eighth of an inch of steel is between its crew and the ocean. In its wake follows

known to have "talked back," with quite disastrous results. In fine, it is the highest achievement of man's brain—that is, from a torpedo man's point of view.

With the tube charged, the order for full speed is given, and, quivering under the strain of her twenty-six knots, she forges ahead, the danger flag at the masthead. Passing the buoy which floats a thousand yards from the target, a pressure from the bridge on the firing-key speeds the torpedo onward, leaving a bubbling streak of white on the water. A second more, and the target is struck, fair and square in the centre, the torpedo coming to the surface with a big splash on the other side of it. The marker stationed on the float waves his flag, reporting the hit. A launch picks up the torpedo, and brings it quickly alongside. It is at once replaced in its cradle, emptied of water and air, and made ready for another trial.

After firing ten rounds, with nine hits, we return to the harbor, men and officers tired after a hard day's drill. A chat over Madeira and cigarettes ends our work, and, with a toast to the Kaiser and the Navy, our ways part.

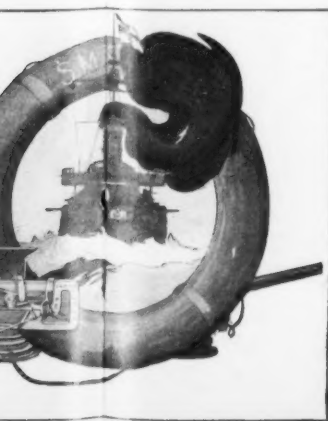
RUSSIAN NAVAL MEN

The new Russian navy owes its existence to the Eastern Question, and not to a necessity for protecting coast or trade; for Russia has little of either. Her largest fleet is maintained in Chinese waters, and there her sea power is a needed adjunct to Russian diplomacy in the present crisis.

The profession of a naval officer belongs here to the aristocracy. Duke Alexis is, after the Czar, the head

of the Imperial family borders upon reverence. The Russian bluejacket bears no likeness to his American counterpart. More a landsman than a sailor, he joins the navy at twenty-one by conscription. Constant drills, under a discipline that is almost brutal, crush out the landsman in him and finally fit him for sea service. He has a frank, boyish look, and seems, like the little Japanese sailor, to take his calling as a huge joke. But he is made to work and respect his superiors, especially the latter. Failing in this, he is subject to severe punishment, quite Muscovite in its application. The punishments meted out in the Russian service are quite unlike those of other navies. In Russia the culprit's chastisement is measured by the rank of the officer judging the case. He may receive twenty-five lashes by order of his captain, his lieutenant can imprison him a week, while a "sub" is able only to stop his leave or impose three days' extra work, and even a ship's corporal can make him suffer in a lesser degree.

Religion is a strong sentiment with the Russian sailor. On every warship there is an altar, placed somewhere on the berth deck, decorated with gaudy pictures of saints, and lighted by an ever-burning lamp. On the altar, the bluejacket places his offering of small paper images which are to bring him luck, prosperity and immunity from arrests. The portraits of the Czar and Czarina hang near the altar, and, kneeling before it, he includes them in his evening prayer. On the *Polar Star*, one of the royal yachts, I saw two little choir boys, their arms about each other, place a small picture of the Czar on the altar, and, sinking on their knees, chant



By H. REUTERDAHL

an anthem, the sailors joining in with voices full of religious enthusiasm.

THE MASTERS OF THE YELLOW SEA

With a magnificent fleet of the most approved types of ships, Japan holds the balance of power in the Far East. She has organized her fleets after the European pattern, the English being chosen as the chief model. The battle of the Yalu demonstrated that its men and officers are not behind in the art of naval tactics. Their gunnery is good, and their engineers are excellent. The machinery is always in capital order, and is managed well. The officers are an earnest, hard working set of men, perfectly at home in the intricacies of modern naval literature and quick in adopting its teachings. They possess, also, a remarkable knowledge of what is going on in other navies. They are not mere paper sailors, but have learned tactics by actual experience amid powder and shell.

The Japanese fleet of to-day represents the best efforts of the great shipbuilders of England, France and America. Their battleships are very fast, the *Yashima* at the time of her trials being the fastest battleship in the world. The same can be said of their cruiser *Nanika*, the prototype of our own *Charleston*, now in a watery grave. British naval men claim that the ships built for Japan in England, from the *Yashima* down to the *Mikasa*, are, inch for inch, better ships than those representing the recent types of English battleships. The reason may be found in the exorbitant prices Japan is willing to pay for ships. The *Azuma*, the new cruiser built in France, for instance, costing twenty-five million francs, or five million dollars—a large price, even for an armored cruiser, especially as a battleship may be had at the same cost.

The Japanese character presents a remarkable blending of the Oriental love of ceremony and display with an Occidental thirst for research and accurate knowledge. This was shown in a rather amusing way when a boatswain from the *Azuma* halted outside a Portsmouth nautical bookstore while he examined some purchases. On the sidewalk he had deposited, for safe keeping, a concertina resplendent in all the colors of the rainbow, and a high hat, while he glanced through his most newly acquired treasure—a copy of Captain Mahan's world-famous book, "Influence of Sea Power upon History."

The European idea of discipline—discipline applied even to smallest details—is not always found in the Japanese blue-jacket. Men and officers have a chummy way of dealing with each other, whether on duty or not. It is most horrifying to one accustomed to the ways of American or British ships, to see a sailor light his cigarette from an officer's cigar while going ashore in the liberty boat. The fact that most of the officers and tars belong to the old warrior class of Japan may bring about this feeling of camaraderie, which takes shape in such a breach of naval etiquette. This does not at all detract from their fighting power, which is equal to that of any other nation. Yalu and Wei-hei-Wei have demonstrated that, while, for the Japanese army, the relief of Peking and subsequent events have given to the world a right idea of the value of the quiet little fighters from the Land of the Rising Sun.

Japanese are great lovers of ceremony and always insist upon all honors and courtesies. Their naval ceremonies are quite elaborate and are also very interesting, especially that of reading the Emperor's Edict, the most important function on a Japanese ship. The whole crew assembles in divisions and hears the captain read from the book containing the wise words of the Mikado. The ceremony is, perhaps, most strongly reminiscent of the reading of the Articles of War on board an American man-of-war.

On a Japanese fighting craft, the forward or aft bridges, as well as the quarter-deck, are saluted. In no other navy is

this custom of honoring the bridges observed, and foreigners who accord this honor are always in high favor with the dapper little Japanese sailors.

WITH THE SCANDINAVIAN NAVIES

All know that the Swedes are reputed the best sailors in the world. This is a legacy from their forefathers. But few are aware that this little country, hardly larger than one of our Middle States, possesses an effective navy.



RUSSIA—"THE PORTRAITS OF THE CZAR AND CZARINA HANG NEAR THE ALTAR. . . HE INCLUDES THEM IN HIS EVENING PRAYER."

As the mainland is girded by small islands, with inlets and channels that cannot be entered except by small vessels, the monster ships of England have not been taken as models in building the Swedish navy. The ironclads (and Sweden will soon have ten) are ships of about 3,500 tons or the size of our cruiser *New Orleans*. Their armament is heavy for the size of the ships, and consists of two turret guns and six medium-calibre quick-firers which, together with the smaller pieces, make them very formidable. The navy has its own channels among the maze of cliffs and reefs marked out by signs known only to the officers, and the way the fleet is handled rushing between the rocky islets with sometimes only a yard or two to

spare, makes the merchantman stop his usual ridicule of the seamanship of the naval officer.

The inventive genius of the Swedes is well known, and the navy is quick to adopt all that is newest and best in naval and gunnery construction. Outside the searchlights, everything making up a man-of-war, from the heavy turret guns down to the half automatic six-pounder, is made in Sweden. Torpedo gunboats and torpedo boats, built in Germany, are successfully duplicated, and even a knot or two is added to the log during the trial trip. The ships of the *Njord* class embody some new ideas worth a naval attaché's attention, and the Swedish navy was the first one to do away with the heavy military mast and its cumbersome fighting-top, substituting therefor a signal mast with platform for lookouts and searchlights.

The personnel is of a high class, especially regarded so by Russia, Sweden's historic enemy. Few of the doings of the naval world escape the attention of the Swedish officer, who, besides being an excellent seaman, is usually accomplished in other directions. This navy, I believe, is the only one possessing such an array of artists among its corps of officers. The commander-in-chief is a recognized marine draughtsman; one of the captains is a naval painter of reputation; while another, the executive of the *Njord*, earned a silver medal for an etching at the Paris Exposition.

A few thousand men make up the standing navy. It is remarkable how quickly the Swedish boys who begin service in the fleets are licked into shape, and how much their shore training has already brought out. They have the true sailor look and instincts, and the honor of the navy can rest safely upon their shoulders.

THE SHIPS OF NORWAY

The Norwegian navy is exceedingly small. There are only a few ships; but, nevertheless, under the three-tongued flags sail the strongest ships afloat for their size—the *Eidsvold* and the *Norge*. These vessels, built by the Armstrongs, are most powerfully armed, and fairly bristle with quick-firers. They are not liked by the Swedes, for they were launched as "replies" to the recent additions to the Swedish fleet. Two other battleships, the *Harald Haarfager* and the *Tordenskjold*, heavily armed, but somewhat smaller, make up the first line of defence. The navy has another distinction, which shows that the Norwegian naval man understands the value of torpedoes in waters like those of Norway. It owns the first torpedo boat ever built—the *Rapp*, once the hope of Thornycroft, the English torpedo boat builder, now a relic housed in a shed at Karljohansvaern, the principal naval station of the country.

THE DANES AND THEIR SMALL NAVY

The Danes are a peaceful people, not fond of fighting and will not fight until forced to, and they have not devoted their energies and treasure in perfecting a navy equal to that of the other Scandinavian countries. The fighting ships are few, and most of these are very small and more or less obsolete. Three ships of modern type, however, are building, but will not be completed for some time.

The navy has several officers who are strong believers in the submarine boat. The interest in this type of fighting vessel is very high in Denmark, due, of course, to the hope that it may supersede big battleships and extensive fleets that are too costly for a little kingdom. Captain Hovgaard, well known to the advocates of the Holland submarine boat, is trying to perfect this style of craft.

The Dane is a fine seaman. This is to be expected of the men of these northern countries, whose history abounds with tales of the heroic Vikings, terrors of all waters, the conquerors on sea and land, and the first to cross the North Atlantic and discover America.



SWEDEN—These battleships are built to dodge about the numerous islands making up the coast-line

WHAT AMERICANS THINK ABOUT THE BOER WAR

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3)

"FRIENDSHIP, NOT ALLIANCE"

I have never been an advocate of the Anglo-American alliance. Such an idea, however attractive, is far removed from practical politics—almost as far removed as the idea of an Anglo-American war. There are mighty forces silently at work on both sides of the Atlantic to join the two peoples with bonds of friendship and sympathy. But alliances arise out of the interests, not out of the sentiments, of nations. An alliance founded on sentiment alone would not be worth the paper upon which it was written. It would be a draft on a bank which had closed its doors.

It is not the interest of the United States, certainly it is not the interest of Great Britain, to become involved in the foreign politics of another power pursuing different objects from an entirely different point of view. Perhaps the day will come when the tie of common interest will be added to the other ties which join, as no communities of such magnitude have been joined before, the two greatest powers of the modern world.

As the United States gradually expands her sphere of action beyond the shores of America and takes her place among the nations she will find new opportunities of profiting by the good offices of England; and some day a common danger and a common cause may array in appalling battle-line the incalculable energies of the Anglo-Saxon family. But for the present, and as far into the future as we can see, the watchword of wise men of either nation must be "Friendship, not Alliance." The tragic episode of the South African war and any irritation it may have excited in the United States will not disturb this kind of relationship.

AN ECCLESIASTICAL AERONAUT

THE Parisian press announces that a new candidate has presented himself in France for the elusive honor of achieving the conquest of the air. The new rival of Platon in soaring his way above the earth—though not quite to the sun, for the earth-dwellers are getting more modest as time goes on—is an ecclesiastic, M. L'Abbe Le Dantec. He has been working at the problem, in the peace of a convent cell, for more than twenty years. He proceeds on the principle, which, indeed, seems to be the only sane opinion in the matter, that an aeronaut must be heavier than the air though which it is to fly and must be saved from sinking only by attaining a speed so rapid that—as the Abbe puts it, vividly—it has not time to yield to the attraction of the earth.

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Much, one might add, as a skater flies securely over thin ice, which would certainly engulf him if he rested a single moment on any one spot of the fragile surface. The Abbe, who by the way has received a subsidy to help him in his researches, is constructing his proposed machine on the bird-plan—not a new idea, by the way. Students who know all about "coefficients of air resistance" and kindred mysterious quantities are, however, taking the ingenious Abbe's theories with entire seriousness and not a little hope. One thing seems certain, that if the navigation of the air be possible, it will be effectuated in our time; it will be the great achievement of the new century. So many minds are being devoted to the problem of late, that if success be within man's power, it will assuredly come soon.

ARCHITECT'S FOOD.

Grape-Nuts Turned into Big Buildings.

The duties of an architect are so multitudinous, looking after the thousand and one details required in the construction of large buildings, that many of them suffer from the constant mental application and require the best of food to keep up their work. The chief draughtsman in the office of R. T. Newberry, Architect, at 1227 New York Life Bldg., Chicago, by name Henry C. Hengels, says:

"After nine months' constant application in the preparation of the necessary plans and details for the large hotel known as the Post Tavern and the Post Building, at Battle Creek, as well as several other large institutions, I found myself in a very debilitated and dyspeptic condition and unfit for work.

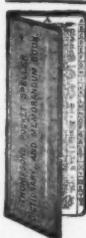
"Instead of medical treatment, I used Grape-Nuts food in place of the usual breakfast cereals. The first few days gave great encouragement, and after a week's use, quite an appreciable improvement manifested itself. Since then, daily use has entirely restored the digestive functions to their natural healthy condition, and I have gained about one pound per week. I am now entirely well and strong again and am able to apply myself to work with more than usual vigor. I consider Grape-Nuts a most valuable food for all brain workers. The help this food has given me is incalculable."

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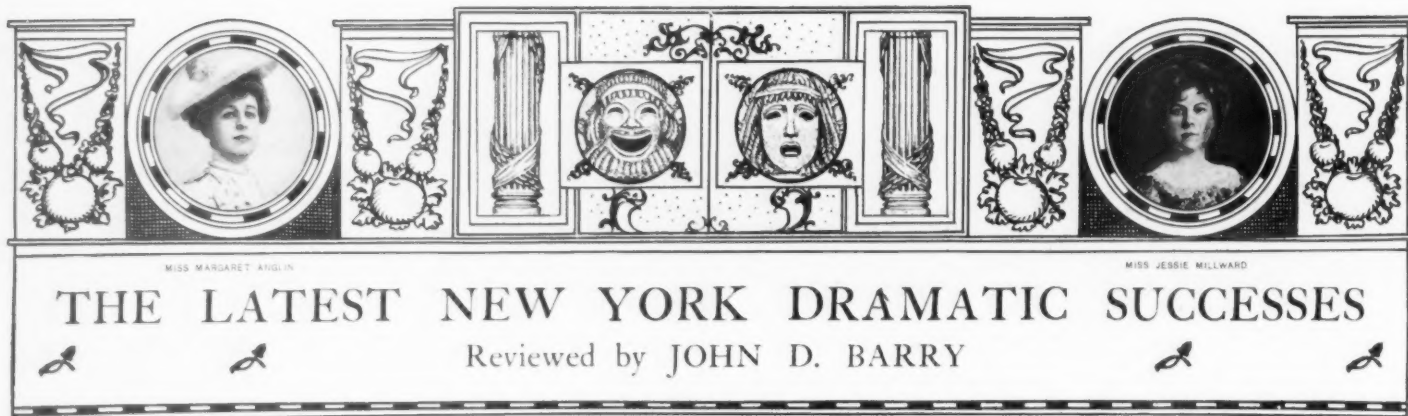
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THE LATEST NEW YORK DRAMATIC SUCCESSES

Reviewed by JOHN D. BARRY

DURING the recent engagement at the Knickerbocker Theatre, Miss Ada Rehan did not have the big audiences merited by her fine interpretation of Nell Gwynne in Paul Kester's play "Sweet Nell of Old Drury." On the first night, to be sure, she received a rousing welcome from a large assemblage of friends and it looked as if she were about to renew her old New York triumphs. But our public is either fickle, or indifferent, or preoccupied. Miss Rehan happened to return at a time when she had to compete with several other strong attractions and at an interval when people seemed to have grown suddenly tired of theatre-going. Those intervals sometimes occur without warning and apparently without reason, and they bring to managers serious loss and occasionally failure. They are, however, only one of many illustrations of the uncertainty of the theatrical business. I imagine that Miss Rehan played a fairly profitable, if not a brilliant, engagement at the Knickerbocker. At any rate, when she has another new play, she will doubtless be seen again in a Broadway theatre. Her present piece, without being great, has considerable theatrical value. Like Mr. Clyde Fitch, Mr. Paul Kester has a keen sense for the effective theatrical situation. "Sweet Nell of Old Drury" is full of situations, all ingenious without straining probability too violently, and all entertaining. On the whole, it impressed me as decidedly superior to the comedy in which Miss Henrietta Crossman figures so delightfully as the actress sweetheart of the pleasure-loving King Charles. It was written several years ago, by the way, for Hortense Rehn, the French actress, long popular on the road in this country but not highly esteemed in New York. Several months ago Miss Julia Neilson brought it out in England, where its success led to its present revival. But for a series of happy chances it might have remained buried. Like actors and managers, plays lead precarious lives. I suppose that if Mr. Kester had offered his play to Augustin Daly several years ago with a view to securing Miss Rehan for the title-part, he would have shared the fate experienced by many another dramatist. Perhaps he did offer it to Daly. Who knows? In any event, he might have written it with Ada Rehan in mind. No other American actress is better suited to the character of Nell Gwynne, by temperament and by natural and acquired graces. Miss Rehan fails only where she ought to be serious; in her long career, she has never learned to express deep emotion with sincerity. But as Nell she is rarely expected to be serious. She does express with delicious humor, however, the comedy spirit that animated one of the most popular comedy actresses in the history of the English stage.

"Mrs. Dane's Defence," with which Mr. Charles Frohman has begun the regular season of the Empire Theatre Stock Company, is an entertaining comedy throughout. But the great success it has achieved must be attributed to one scene,

the climax of the third of the four acts. That is really a brilliant piece of writing, one of the most finished, human and dramatic scenes to be credited to that accomplished but uncertain craftsman, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones. Here, the young woman known as Mrs. Dane, who is really hiding under the name of a dead friend her identity and an ugly episode in her past, is cross-examined by Sir Daniel Cartaret, a lawyer of eminence and a devoted friend of the young man she is about to marry, and led to involve herself so hopelessly in lies that she falls on the floor, confesses the truth and pleads for mercy. The episode suggests the old adventuress motive; but it acquires a freshness by the skill with which the dramatist has presented the character, making her at heart a good woman and winning for her the spectator's pity. It is terrible to see the poor creature writhing under the questions of the kindly but determined lawyer. In leading up to this situation Mr. Jones lets himself lapse into some of those exaggerations of character and incident that keep him from occupying a place as a dramatist of the first rank, and makes him a rather remote second to Pinero. Moreover, he does not succeed in lending a strong interest to the middle-aged love affair between Sir Daniel and the brilliant Lady Easton. However, as plays go, this play must be set down as one of the most notable of the year. It is very well presented. Miss Margaret Anglin has made the hit of her career as Mrs. Dane. Her acting in the scene of cross-examination is extraordinary in its intensity, its emotional variety and in its truth. It gives the actress a great lift in her professional standing. Mr. Charles Richmond, who succeeds to the position of leading man, made vacant by the illness of Mr. William Faversham, interprets the part of Sir Daniel with more ease than he usually shows and with a great deal of quiet dignity. The great scene he sustains astonishingly well. As Lady Easton, Miss Jessie Millward wears stunning gowns and acts with her accustomed expertness, but with a decided over-accentuation. The piece is sure to run for many weeks.

"Lady Huntworth's Experiment," by R. C. Carton, has found favor at Daly's Theatre, where for a second season Mr. Daniel Frohman is displaying his stock company. It is a distinctly clever play, constructed on an amusing and novel notion. Lady Huntworth, driven to desperation through the performances of her worthless husband, from whom she has secured a divorce, undertakes to earn her living by exercising the only talent she thinks she has, a talent for cooking. So, when we first meet her, we find her serving as cook in the family of a fussy English clergyman. The piece moves slowly, but the fundamental conception is so interesting, the episodes are so deftly handled, and the characterizations are so adroit that the audience is constantly entertained. Miss Hilda Spong plays Lady Huntworth in just the right key and with a charming humor. Like Miss Rehan, she finds it difficult to be serious and convincing at the same moment. In the dramatic passages you are always reminded of the little tricks of the conventional actress. This is a pity, for in her lighter scenes Miss Spong's work rings delightfully true. Mr. John Mason is not quite comfortable in the character of the slow-witted, big-hearted Englishman, destined, we are led to believe, to make Lady Huntworth happy in the end; but he plays around it with discretion and consistency. Miss May Robson, as a scullerymaid, gives one of her most amusing impersonations. Her mere appearance causes laughter, and her bits of stage-business offer new evidences of her genius for low comedy. One of the best performances in the piece is Mr. Jameson Lee Finney's Lord Huntworth. In looks, bearing and speech the character of the miserable degenerate is perfectly expressed. Mr. Finney's diction might serve as a model to a great many of our actors.

Mr. E. S. Willard has been playing an engagement at the Garden Theatre with a repertory of old plays. I lay

stress on this fact because it probably explains why the actor has not been received as warmly as he deserves to be. It is true that "Tom Pinch," the piece founded on Dickens's "Martin Chuzzlewit," has not been seen in New York City before; but it has had a career on the road and, as an adaptation from Dickens, it lacks the spice of novelty. New Yorkers must have novelty or something that will pass for it. Just why Mr. Willard should have deemed it advisable to revive Tom Robertson's "David Garrick" is not altogether clear. It is old-fashioned, and it is not especially well suited to his serious style. In "The Middleman" he repeats a performance that deserves to rank as one of the finest characterizations seen on our stage in many a year. His Tom Pinch, too, will long be remembered by those who have seen it as a beautiful example of simple, quiet art. It deserves to rank with Joseph Jefferson's Rip Van Winkle. Here Mr. Willard does not give a suggestion of the self-consciousness that has weakened so many of his impersonations. The play itself is, of course, full of the characteristic Dickens exaggerations; and yet it still has a great deal of charm. Pecksniff is one of those characters that grow more enjoyable with time, perhaps because they grow more ridiculous and impossible.

Miss Viola Allen, after an amazing success in "The Christian," has scored again in a play equally uninteresting, constructed by Mr. Lorimer Stoddart, from material supplied by Mr. F. Marion Crawford's novel "In the Palace of the King." It bears the title of the novel, and it is now given before a succession of large and apparently delighted audiences at the Theatre Republic. It is merely another example of the dramatized romantic novel, one of the most feeble forms of fiction, formerly called the dime-novel, which, as Mr. Howells has noted, is now welcomed into good society. Brimful of incident, rich in romance, brilliant with fine clothes, grandiloquent in language, it has all the qualities that attract the theatre-loving public of to-day. To take it seriously would be a mere waste of time. From the point of view of simple reason, it has little real merit to commend it. As a medium for exploiting Miss Allen, for whom it was written, it has immense value. It keeps the actress in the centre of the stage nearly all the time, where she has abundant opportunities to express glib glee, love, terror, pleading, wheedling and womanly devotion. Perhaps a great actress could make this character plausible. Miss Allen does not even undertake the task. The fairest thing that can be said of her is that she interprets the part in the very spirit in which it is written, the wildly melodramatic spirit. On many occasions I have spoken in these columns of the effect of the quality of a play on the quality of acting. Good material, by which I mean honest writing, the faithful representation of human nature, and the actor is inspired to give a natural performance. But the romantic plays now on our stage make havoc of the actor's art. No more degrading



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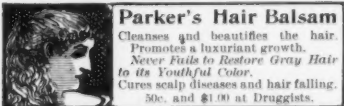
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artistic influence has affected our theatre in many years. Unfortunately, Miss Allen lends herself only too readily to the new romantic methods. She has a great deal of talent, a fine voice and exceptional facility; but her aim seems to be steadily away from simplicity and nature. Her mannerisms have grown since she became a "star," and even before this period they were distinctly marked. Her present performance is pictorial, but unreal, unconvincing, without one natural moment. She has the support of a large company, including several actors of ability and experience. Mr. Eben Plympton returns to the stage after a long absence to play a character that suits his fluent and impassioned style. It is a pity that his splendid abilities should be so obscured by his absurdly artificial diction, which at times makes his language sound like a foreign language.

"The road" is furnishing a diverting spectacle in the rivalry of the two "Nell Gwynnes," presented by Miss Henrietta Crossman and Miss Ada Rehan. Miss Crossman, as the daily papers have fully explained, left the Savoy Theatre in New York some time before her engagement had been announced to end, alleging as her reason the claim that she had been persecuted by the Syndicate. Of course, the Syndicate denied the charge and made counter-accusations against Miss Crossman. The real facts of the case it will be impossible to determine unless the courts pass judgment upon them. The fact remains, however, that Miss Crossman is now touring the country on the strength of her New York success and is playing at theatres not affiliated with the Syndicate. This means that in many cities she will be obliged, as Mrs. Fiske is, to play at inferior theatres, against odds. It seems curious that her competitor, representing the Syndicate, should be Miss Rehan, who, during her years of work at Daly's Theatre stood for everything that was opposed to Syndicate methods. But time brings strange changes in the theatrical world. It is probable that the controversy will prove of benefit to both actresses in giving them an extensive and gratuitous advertisement. Miss Rehan is well established in popular favor on the road, and Miss Crossman has just achieved success after many years of toil. So one's sympathies cannot fail to go out to the younger actress. If Miss Crossman succeeds in keeping the favor she is now enjoying, she will unquestionably take permanent rank as one of the best of our actresses. She is more like Ellen Terry than any actress we have; this is merely another way of saying that she has the gift of identifying herself with the character she represents, and playing it with grace, charm and distinction. As a comedy actress, she has not as yet acquired the skill of Miss Rehan; but there is every reason to believe that with more experience and with the stimulus that comes from prosperity she will develop her already fine gifts.

Another surprise given us by "the road" is the extraordinary favor achieved by Madam Sarah Bernhardt as "Hamlet," since she left New York. Now, in spite of the fondness of New York theatregoers for the bizarre, the new "Hamlet" failed to please. Though Madam Bernhardt could fill the theatre with her "Camille" or her "Flora Tosca," she faced many empty seats when she made her appearance as the Prince of Denmark. What was the reason? Was it because her "Hamlet" was so uninteresting? Or was it because our playgoers could not appreciate it? The failure certainly could not be because the performance was uninteresting. As a matter of fact, it was far and away one of the most interesting performances of "Hamlet" I have ever seen—and, I hasten to add, absolutely the least Shakespearean. The fact that it was not Shakespearean ought, it would seem, to be a point in its favor in New York, which gives so little encouragement to Shakespearean performances. Those who do not see it before Bernhardt leaves this country, will miss one of the greatest curiosities of the stage. Madam Bernhardt has performed the extraordinary feat of converting the most profound tragedy in English literature into a light and airy melodrama, making the melancholy and philosophical Hamlet an impish creature, weird in looks, in speech and in bearing. It is laughable to think that this characterization should be taken seriously, not merely by the French critics, who, of course, look at it from the Gallic point of view, but from critics of distinction, both in this country and in England. It should be mentioned here, however, that when given here, it showed the defects of hasty preparation. A more slipshod production is seldom seen on a New York stage.

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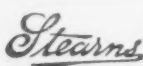
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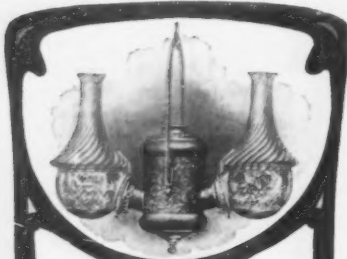
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IN FRIENDLY BONDS

THE SOCIETY COLUMN of a New York daily paper contained the other day a paragraph suggestive in view of the present widespread interest in the servant problem. A lady had issued invitations to a dance. She recalled them because of the serious illness of a domestic long in the employ of the family. The fact was significant of the treatment which, during years of reciprocal esteem, had been accorded in that household by mistress to maid and by maid to mistress. Years of daily companionship, of obligations fulfilled to the letter on both sides of the compact, and of the spirit that is more than the letter, had so cemented the relationship that the suffering and, it might be, the death, of the woman who served was not a thing to be put lightly aside in the house. Nor could the mistress receive her friends at an hour when, in another part of the mansion, her ministrations might be needed at the bedside of her servant.

There are homes not a few in which service extending over many years has contradicted the frequent assertion that neither fidelity nor gratitude is to be found in our domestics. Women who entered a family in their youth are sometimes a part of it still, in some honored and responsible place, or, if infirm, are tenderly cherished in their age and silver hair. One large and scattered household when it

that they are oppressed under their efficient mistresses, nor do housekeepers suffer from frequent interruptions in their staff. The South, which has passed through a long and trying transition period, during which the colored people have emerged from irresponsibility and light-hearted dependence into a state of altered conditions and somewhat confused ideals, has not proved an exception to the rule that the wise mistress makes the capable servant and that affection is a larger factor than interest in home management.

"CRISPIN MEDECIN"—THE ANNUAL FRENCH PLAY AT HARVARD

AMONG the most interesting events of a college year, socially considered, are the amateur theatricals to which the students give months of careful study and preparation before inviting their friends to the presentation of a play. Everything is brought to the highest point of attainable perfection—the stage setting, the costumes of the actors, their letter parts, and the atmosphere of the historic period selected, all are wrought out with the greatest attention to detail, and with fidelity which wins the highest praise.

In Harvard University the Cercle Français has in recent years accustomed its friends to expect the dramatic feeling and a marvelously choice production of French plays. Lovers of French literature look forward to



SCENE FROM "CRISPIN MEDECIN" AS PRESENTED BY STUDENTS OF HARVARD.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY PACH, NEW YORK

gathers under the old roof at Thanksgiving or Christmas, always brings greetings and presents to Nancy, a quiet little personage who has her sunny room and her mending-basket, and potters about doing odd things which she likes, but who once was nurse and caretaker to all the sturdy boys and girls. They are her bairns still, though they have children of their own.

In a large boarding-house in New York, several years ago, while the cook was busy over her morning fire she was seized with a sudden woful faintness. Her employer was hurriedly sent for, and came to find the servant at the last gasp. With her dying breath she turned, this woman who for eight years had stood faithfully at her post, trustworthy and trusted, and saying, "I think I'm going, Miss Lizzie; who will get the breakfast?" was away. In the annals of history there are more conspicuous battlefields, but I know of none more heroic than this, obscure and humble though it was; just a plain Irish-woman from Galway, not even known by sight to three-fourths of the people whose health, comfort and good temper she held in her two steadfast hands. "Who will get the breakfast?" Her last conscious thought was for others.

There are uncounted homes which pursue the even tenor of their ways unobserved and uneventful, and they never get into the newspapers. Servants in these do not complain

the annual play with eager anticipation. Last year, the Cercle gave a comedy by Cyrano de Bergerac; this year, their selection was a charming comedy by Flanieroché, a contemporary of Molière who has much of Molière's flashing humor, "Crispin Medecin." This was followed by a little modern farce, "Un Jeune Homme Presse," by Eugène Labiche.

The title rôle in "Crispin Medecin" was taken by P. B. Haviland of 1901. Other parts were admirably filled by Messrs. Champollieh, Wimmerling, De Koven, Schenck, Bowler, Watson, Thompson, and Thorndyke, members of all the classes now in the university. As "Crispin Medecin" belongs to the repertoire of the Comédie Française, the ambition of the cast becomes at once evident, and the belief of the players in themselves is very pleasing. Their success and the delight they gave the spectators justified their attitude. The three parts in "Un Jeune Homme Presse" were assumed by W. W. Haviland, P. B. Haviland and A. S. Dixey. This year the usual amusing ballet performance was omitted.

Among the lady patronesses of this French play were Madame Agassiz, Mrs. William Bancroft, Mrs. T. W. Higginson, Mrs. Edward Pickering, Mrs. Richard H. Dana, Mrs. Gilman, Miss Longfellow, Miss Grace and Miss Sarah Norton, and others of Cambridge; and, of Boston, a long list of distinguished

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women, among them Mrs. Oliver Ames, Mrs. P. H. Appleton, Mrs. Apthorp, Mrs. Bowditch, Mrs. Boyden, Mrs. Frothingham, Mrs. J. T. Fields, Miss Sara Orne Jewett, Mrs. S. E. Peabody, Mrs. J. L. Thorndyke, Mrs. H. H. Sears, and Mrs. R. G. Winthrop.

Apart from the brilliant *mise en scène*, and the social pleasure of this annual play, it is significant that Harvard students are keeping up their old traditions of culture, and that in the field of belles-lettres they are winning laurels in the beginning of the new century.

THE MINIMUM OF WASTE

WE ALL sustain a certain measure of damage from the wastefulness of the class which, using what they do not pay for, have no adequate sense of its value. Costly cut glass and exquisite china are nicked and shattered and broken past repair by clumsy and careless persons, who have no idea of the heart-breaks they cause. We women love our pretty cups and saucers, our dainty vases and plates, and our beautiful bric-a-brac, and around every piece a myriad associations cluster. This bit reminds us of Florentine sunshine, the other came from the Swiss Alps, another yet always brings up a glimpse of an English lane overrun with roses. No money can pay for those delicate and lovely things which have become endeared by the use of a lifetime, and sacred through the touching of fingers now folded under the coffin-lid. We shall secure the minimum of waste in most cases by a return to the old plan of our grandmothers, when, following their good example, we shall wash our china ourselves. It is work for gentlewomen, not for peasants with no training in the art of deft handling and fine manipulation. A tin basin divided into compartments—one for washing in hot soapsuds, piece by piece, the other for dipping and rinsing—a supply of soft towels, and a lady not in a hurry are all that are needed to enable us to hand our china down, an heirloom, intact, to the generations which are to follow us. An old English custom, traditional in the leisurely homes across the water, was imported by the colonial gentlewomen of the South, when they first established family life on this side of the great sea; and to this day, in Maryland, Virginia, Kentucky and South Carolina, the mistress of the house and her daughters personally care for their fine china. A beautiful array of rare china is shown in a New England homestead, the envy of collectors, the admiration of guests, so exquisite are the shapes, so transparent the eggshell thinness, so harmonious the coloring, and the whole equipage is perfect still, not a single piece having been broken since a Puritan ancestress brought it from Devon, long before the Revolution. The daughters of the house have always, with religious care, washed and wiped and taken down and put away this treasure beyond price.

COMMON FAIRNESS

FOR THE less precious articles in daily use common fairness suggests that if heedless hands mar and break, the price should be paid from the daily or weekly wage. An employer dislikes exceedingly to subtract the amount of breakage from a servant's earnings, and usually prefers her loss to the feeling of meanness which such an exaction entails upon her. Yet, were such a rule general, and kindly but rigidly enforced, those who are now reckless would speedily learn to be careful, and the home accounts would be the gainers. Few women there are who could not discover ways to use the money which is now spent on replacing needful utensils which are ruined before they are half worn out, through the heedlessness of those in whose charge they are.

THE ODD ONE IN THE FAMILY

WHENCE come the strange diversities in families? Children born of the same parents and brought up in the same environment, molded by similar influences and trained alike develop different traits, and show opposite dispositions and tendencies to a degree most puzzling to the observer. Occasionally there is an odd one in the household, an ugly duckling, a child who almost seems like a changeling in the brood, and the onlooker seeks in vain for an explanation of the intrusion in the commonplaces of the family life. If there were ancestral portraits or ancestral records, probably the occasion of the dissimilarity would be found in a reversion to type, in a resemblance in feature and character to some far-away great-grandfather or mother, who almost appears to be reincarnated in the person of the descendant.

When parents are sensible they study the peculiarities of each child, and if one has a decided bias in any direction they try to give it a chance for development. To insist on stifling the artistic impulse in the music-loving child and to put him at the bookkeeper's desk, to stunt the mechanical talent and compel the boy who has that his God-given dower to spend years over Latin and Greek—in brief, to legislate for the odd child in an arbitrary manner, instead of giving him air and space, and consulting his individuality, is to make a criminal blunder.



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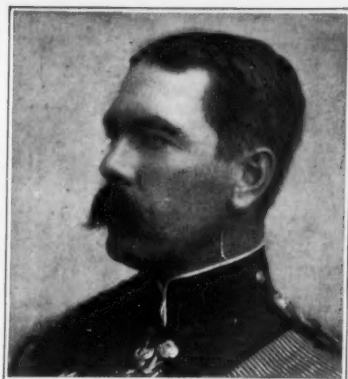
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THE LARGEST PHOTOGRAPH OF THE LARGEST PRIVATE BUSINESS OFFICE IN THE WORLD.—This is the reproduction of the largest photograph ever taken—either in the United States or elsewhere. The original photographic print measured eight feet four inches in width and four feet six inches in depth. The scene represented is the interior of the office building of Swift & Co., Union Stock Yards, Chicago, a room one and one-half blocks long, where one thousand men and women are employed. The photograph is remarkable both because of its monster size and of the clearness of the details. It was taken with a camera specially constructed for the occasion by G. R. Lawrence, of Chicago. The instrument is 20 feet by 9 feet by 6 feet, and the plate used weighed 200 pounds. Owing to the low ceiling a hole had to be cut into the roof to admit the stand and camera. Twenty pounds of flashlight powder, specially made for the attempt, and suspended in four hundred troughs in various parts of the room, was used. All the troughs were connected by electricity, and when a button was pressed, the room was equally well lighted in all parts. When Mr. Lawrence and his seven assistants were ready the cap was taken from the lens and the next instant the room was filled with a blinding flash, and the largest picture in the world, was taken. Leaving aside the photographic skill of Mr. Lawrence, whose effort in this instance is destined to be exhibited at the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo, the photograph in question is evidence of the tremendous growth of the slaughtering and packing industry of this country, and of Chicago in particular. It is not a generation ago that Chicago was practically ruined, yet to-day it leads the world in the preparation of meat for consumption throughout the world. The British army in South Africa is being fed principally on Chicago meat; the American army in the Philippines is eating Chicago food; the allied troops in China are doing likewise. An establishment, such as pictured above, is a veritable city in itself, for Swift & Co. alone employ 7,110 men, while the weekly pay-roll of all their establishments is \$211,252. Last year they did a business of over \$160,000,000. In one day 10,343 head of cattle, 19,607 sheep and 26,865 hogs were slaughtered.



LORD KITCHENER

SINCE the disappointing return to England of Lord Roberts last month, before the subjugation of South Africa was accomplished, English attention has been fixed on the other remaining hero—Lord Kitchener. It is hard to be a public hero. Heroism is blighted by hero worship. Wellington, the great Iron Duke, found this out in his day. So did Dewey and Hobson in recent years. Roberts of Kandahar, the "Little Bobs" of Kipling's "blossoming ode," and a belted earl as well, is now tasting the dregs of excessive adulation. Kitchener's turn comes next.

After the startling British reverses at Colenso, Stormberg and Magersfontein last year, it became a current saying in England that the graves of British reputations were dug in South Africa. Still, when Buller, Methuen and Gatacre went by the board, all England hoped that Roberts and Kitchener, the heroes of Kandahar and of Omdurman, would prove an exception to the rule. In a measure they have justified their reputation. With Cronje crushed and Joubert dead, Roberts advanced unswervingly to Bloemfontein, Johannesburg and Pretoria. Kitchener's genius for transport organization and the bringing up of supplies made it possible for Roberts to march straight to the heart of the enemy's country. When there was nothing left to advance to, the real rub came. Some people began to count the cost. The expenditure of the war so far, mounting up to ninety-two million pounds, exceeded that of several years of civil administration for the whole British Empire. Now new outlays were called for. The rush to Pretoria had drained resources. The carcasses of horses and mules by the thousands littered the way from the Modder to the Vaal. In the words of the London "Times" correspondent at the front, "the wreck of the British army lay around Bloemfontein and Pretoria—the men half starved and the horses quite done for."

Then came the harassing guerilla operations of De Wet, Botha, Viljoens and Delarey. A few months' struggle with the trying conditions at the front sufficed for Roberts. Announcing that the war was "over," he sailed for England, leaving the brunt of affairs to his second in command—Lord Kitchener.

Already there had been rumors that Lord Roberts and Kitchener had found it hard to agree. Once or twice, even during the victorious advance on Pretoria, it was whispered, Lord Roberts had felt constrained to point out to Kitchener the secondary nature of his rôle. Another split came on the military measures to be employed against the beaten Boers. Roberts, true to his Indian traditions, believed in making things easy for the vanquished foe. Kitchener, fresh from the shambles of the Soudan, stood for the Anglo-Saxon policy of ruthless suppression. After Lord Roberts' departure Kitchener had a chance to carry out his ideas. Military reconcentration of non-combatants, as practiced in Cuba by the notorious Weyler, was put into effect. The rigors of the censorship were increased to the point of shipping home all the inconvenient war correspondents serving on the British side. All South African despatches purporting to come from news sources nowadays are sent by a board of military secretaries appointed by Kitchener. Thus the accounts of recent disheartening reverses inflicted on Kitchener's men in the immediate vicinity of Pretoria have been reduced to a minimum. What this means may be judged from the war correspondents' experiences during the Nile campaign in the Soudan. According to Samweel Abdullah Shibley, an American college-bred Egyptian officer attached to the British War Intelligence Bureau in that campaign, no correspondents then were permitted to learn the real truth. On the strength of that this officer now asserts that not Kitchener, but "Slatin Pasha, that intrepid fighter of the darkest jungles of Africa, former governor of Darfur, and for years after his capture a long-suffering slave of the barbarian Mahdi, is the one truly great living hero of Soudan. Without his loyal support, his admirable counsel, and his daily, yes, hourly, encouragement of the native forces, the Sirdar would never have achieved the grand triumph which has made him immortal. It was Slatin Pasha, the Austrian, whose aid in time of direst need won all for the English crown."

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If you read it and take advantage of the opportunity offered, you will never regret it. To own a business yourself is certainly your ambition.

We start you in a profitable business. Teach you absolutely free how to conduct it. To show you what others have done we quote the expressions of a few who have made money in the nickel, gold, silver and metal plating business.

"MR. REED MADE \$88.16 THE FIRST 3 DAYS." Mr. Cox writes: "Get all I can do; plate to sets a day. Elegant business. Customers happy." MR. WOODWARD EARNS \$170 a month. Our agents are all making money; so can you.

Gentlemen and ladies positively make \$5 to \$15 a day at home or traveling, taking orders, using, selling and appointing agents for PROF. GRAY'S Latest Improved Guaranteed Plating Machines and Outfits. NO FAKE OR TOYS, but genuine, practical, complete, scientific outfits for doing the finest of plating on WATCHES, JEWELRY, KNIVES, FORKS, SPOONS, CASTORS, TABLEWARE OF ALL KINDS, BICYCLES, SEWING MACHINES, SWORDS, REVOLVERS, HARNESSES AND BUGGY TRIMMINGS, metal specialties; in fact all kinds of metal goods. HEAVY THICK PLATE EVERY TIME. GUARANTEED TO WEAR FOR YEARS. No experience necessary.

There is really a wonderful demand for replating. You can do business at nearly every house, store, office or factory. Almost every family has from \$2 to \$10 worth of tableware to be plated, besides watches, jewelry, bicycles, etc.

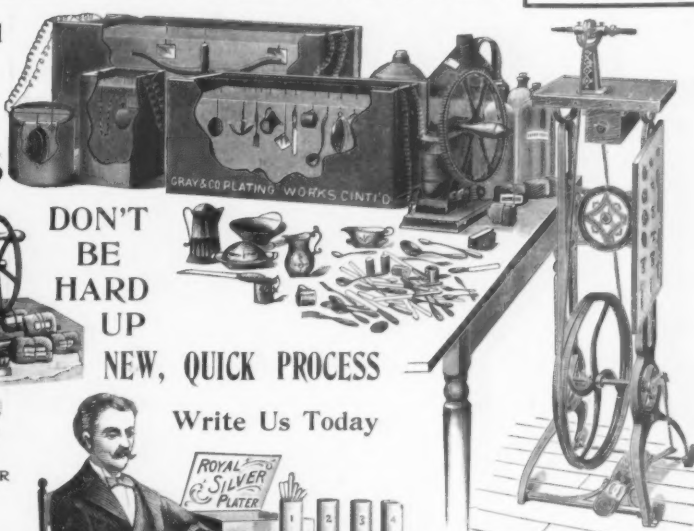
Every boarding house, hotel, restaurant, college or public institution has from \$5 to \$75 worth of work to be plated. Every jeweler, repair or bicycle shop, every dentist, doctor and surgeon, every man woman and child you meet has either a watch, some jewelry, bicycles, instruments, or some articles needing plating.

Besides the above there are hundreds of patentees and manufacturers of metal goods, bicycles, sewing machines and typewriter repair shops who want their goods plated, or to whom you can sell a plating outfit, furnishing them supplies for doing their own plating.

Retail Stores who handle hardware, harness, tableware and plated or metal goods; all need a plating and polishing outfit for refashioning goods that become worn, soiled, rusty or tarnished.

Every Undertaker requires a plating outfit for repairing and finishing coffin and hearse trimmings which are soiled, tarnished or worn.

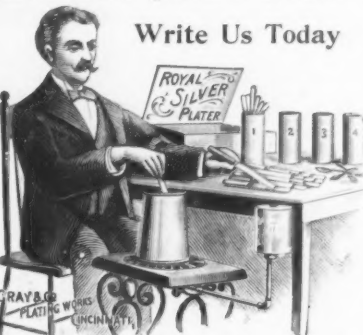
Manufacturers are making and selling tons of new tableware, jewelry, bicycles and various kinds of metal goods every month which has only a very thin plate, which in a few weeks wears off, making the goods unsightly, unfit for future use unless plated.



SHOP OUTFIT FOR GOLD, SILVER AND NICKEL PLATING

**DON'T
BE
HARD
UP
NEW, QUICK PROCESS**

Write Us Today



ROYAL SILVER OUTFIT IN OPERATION

**Greatest Money-
making Inventions
of the Age.**

**WE MANUFACTURE COM-
PLETE OUTFITS. ALL SIZES.**

Manufacturers of new goods do no replating on old goods whatever, but try to force the public to throw away the old and buy new at high prices, but this only makes the plating business better.

The more new thinly plated goods sold the greater will be the demand for replating. Plate some articles for your friends and neighbors by Prof. Gray's Process, and it quickly proves to them its genuineness and merit, and that your plating is much thicker, will wear better and longer than a large percentage of the new goods. Your trade is then

This is only a minimum income which may be earned by any one who is not lazy; hustlers make \$100 weekly after all expenses are paid.

TREMENDOUS PROFITS.

The profits realized from plating are tremendous. To plate a set of teaspoons requires only about 2c. worth of metal and chemicals; a set of knives, forks, or tableware about 3c. worth. The balance of the price received for the work is for the agent's time and profit.

Agents usually charge from 25c. to 50c. per set for plating teaspoons, from 50c. to 75c. for tableware and forks, and from 60c. to \$1.00 for knives.

We allow you to set your own price for plating. Get as much as you can. You will have no competition. You know what it costs to plate the goods, and all you get over cost is profit. Some agents charge much more than the above prices, while others do the work for half and still make plenty of money.

Let us start you in business for yourself at once, don't delay a single day. Be your own boss. Be a money maker. We do all kinds of plating ourselves, have had years of experience and are headquarters for plating supplies. We manufacture our own dyes and outfits, all sizes, and send them out complete, with all tools, lathes, wheels and materials; everything ready for use.

We teach you everything, furnish all receipts, formulas and trade secrets free, so that failure is impossible, and any one who follows our directions and teachings can do fine plating with a little practice, and become a money maker.

THE ROYAL SILVER OUTFIT.

Prof. Gray's Famous Discovery.

THE NEW DIPPING PROCESS is the latest, quickest, easiest method known. Tableware plated by simply dipping in melted metal, taken out instantly, with the finest, most brilliant, beautiful plate deposited. All ready to deliver to customers. MAKES THICK PLATE EVERY TIME. GUARANTEED TO WEAR 5 TO 10 YEARS. A BOY PLATES 200 TO 300 pieces tableware daily, from \$20 to \$30 worth of work, profits almost 1000 per cent. Goods come out of plate finely finished. NO polishing, grinding or work necessary, neither before or after plating.

You will not need to canvass. Agents write they have all the goods they can plate. People bring it for miles around. You can hire boys cheap to do your plating, the same as we do, and solicitors to gather work for a small per cent. Put a small advertisement or two in your local paper and you will have all the plating you can do. The plating business is honest and legitimate. Plating on our machines gives perfect satisfaction. Wears for years; customers are always delighted and recommend you and your work.

We are an old established firm, have been in business for years, know exactly what is required, furnish complete outfits, the same as we ourselves use, and customers always have the benefit of our experience. We are responsible and guarantee everything. Reader, here is a chance of a lifetime to go in business for yourself. We start you. Now is the time to make money.

FREE—Write Us Today

for our new plan and proposition; also valuable information how the plating is done. Sit down and write now, so we can start you without delay. If you wish to see a sample of plating by our Outfits, send 2c. postage. Send your address anyway.



FACTORY AND WAREHOUSE OF GRAY & CO., CINCINNATI, OHIO.

established, and within a short time you will have all the goods you can plate.

Plate a few articles for your friends, call a few weeks, a few months, or five years later, and you will find the plate satisfactory, and they will give you every article they have needing to be plated.

When you deliver the goods plated to customers they will be well pleased, in fact, delighted with the work, will pay for it promptly, and you will be given on an average twice as much work to be plated as they gave you the first time you called.

YOU CAN DO PLATING SO CHEAP that every person can afford to have their goods plated.

No tidy housekeeper will allow worn and rusty tableware to go before a guest when it can be restored and made equal to new.

No person will wear jewelry or a watch, or ride a bicycle or use a typewriter, sewing machine or any machine made of metal from which the plate is worn off when they see samples of your work and hear your prices. People in this day and generation are too sensible and economical to throw away their old goods and buy new when they can have their old goods replated for so small a cost, making them, in many cases, better than new.

The best part of the plating business is that it increases fast and is permanent.

Put out your sign, secure your outfit, do a little work, and quickly you will be favored with orders. If you do not wish to do the plating yourself you can hire boys for \$3 or \$4 a week to do the work the same as we do, and solicitors to gather up goods to be plated on commission.

It is not hard work, but is pleasant, and especially so when your business is netting you \$20 to \$25 a week for 5 or 6 hours' work a day.

GRAY & CO., Plating Works, 879 MIAMI BLDG., CINCINNATI, OHIO.

The above firm is thoroughly reliable and do just as agreed. The outfits are just as represented, and do fine plating, and after investigation we consider this one of the best paying businesses we have yet heard of.—Editor Cincinnati Christian Standard.

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\$4.50

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32 or 38 CALIBER.
5-SHOT CHAMBER.
3 1/2 INCH BARREL.
Nickel-Plated Finish.
Hammer.....\$4.50
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It doesn't pay to pay more.
Small extra charge for single, double or triple barrel or blind finish.

SAFETY HAMMERLESS
\$5.50

The Fire-arm that is Absolutely Safe. Accidental Discharge Impossible.

This remarkably ingenious Patented Safety Device is our own Patent and is found only on IVER JOHNSON REVOLVERS.

Money cannot produce a revolver that is more true or more accurate in every detail of design, construction and finish than those here shown. They are mechanically perfect. Ask your dealer to show you this revolver. Buy of him if you can. If he can't supply you we will send one on receipt of price, cash with order, to any address in United States, prepaid.

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Manufacturers of the well-known Iver Johnson Bicycles and Guns.

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is the title of a daintily printed and instructive booklet about home picture taking, which has just been issued by the Kodak Press. The illustrations are all from the Kodak of **Mr. Rudolf Eickemeyer, Jr.**, and include a number of his most charming studies of child life. Free at the Kodak dealers' or by mail.

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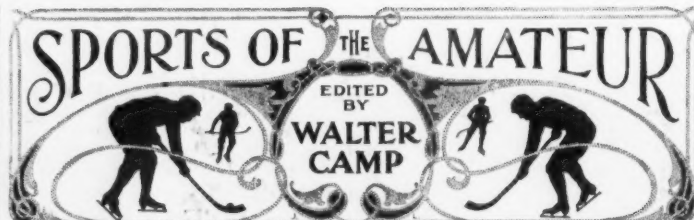
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Those who are interested in professional baseball, and of late years their number has dwindled to smaller and smaller proportions, have learned from bitter experience to distrust every promise of reform, and believe that the only thing one can be sure about in connection with that game is that somebody is getting what, to use the slang of the professional field, is known as the "double cross." The present situation only impresses one the more with this condition of affairs. The fight going on between the National and the American Leagues and the introduction of the old Association into the field, makes as pretty an arrangement for the execution of this "double cross" act as one could easily imagine. No wonder that with the kicking on the field, the rowdiness, and the general feeling of uncertainty as to whether any of the arrangements are strictly straightforward, the better class of the public which formerly frequented the ball grounds has dropped off.

In addition think of the difference of the standing of the players on the salary list to-day and ten years ago. Think of those times when King Kelly, Ed Williamson, Dan Brouthers, Buck Ewing, Johnny Ward and Tim Lincecum were getting anywhere from \$3,500 to \$5,000 each! There is no question as to the inability of the management to pay such salaries nowadays, and it is also very doubtful whether the good days, so far as players are concerned, will ever come back. The salary list for the League clubs last year varied from \$30,000 to \$50,000, it being estimated that something over \$300,000 were divided in salaries among 140 players. While there were no serious losses, there was no very attractive profit in the game. Baseball can afford no more fights; the management and the players ought to see that, and furthermore, if there be any way to once more attract the public back, it is only through square dealing, abolition of rowdy ball, "rough house" tactics, and umpire-baiting.

And now it is Princeton that proposes to build a new gymnasium to cost \$200,000. A committee, of which Professor William Libbe is secretary, has already some good subscriptions, and with such men as James W. Alexander, C. C. Cuyler and M. Taylor Pyne on the committee, there is no doubt that the project will go through.

Professor Stagg is also East from the University of Chicago looking through gymnasiums with the idea of getting the very latest plans and experiences by the aid of which to construct a gymnasium at the University of Chicago.

Upon this subject of the building and equipping of halls of exercise there is but one thing to be said, and that is, that while there is no doubt of the value of a gymnasium, there is equally no doubt about the comparative value of indoor and outdoor exercises. Go to a gymnasium rather than no exercise, but get out of doors where possible. And those who are most deeply interested in gymnasium work are as eager to show their understanding of this condition as any one. The only difficulty lies in the temptation to a man to take that exercise which is easiest or rather most convenient, rather than to go afield for that which is the most valuable though further removed.

The most important comment of an American who has recently been studying the English Universities, consists of the conclusion that while almost every man in the University takes some kind of outdoor exercise, there is no gymnasium so-called, and it is impossible to get indoor exercise save in, here and there, a little room almost wholly unequipped and regarded as only a makeshift.

ICE HOCKEY This is the day of the Ice King. Golf, long holding on, is beginning, in spite of the remarkably favorable weather, to find more and more deserters. If one takes the train to Ardsley or other country club near New York, he finds the man who a week or two ago was carrying a bag of clubs, has in his hand a pair of shining skates, or more and more commonly now, a pair of shoes with the skates screwed on. Ice hockey, curling, plain every-day "shinny," fill up the ponds and rinks, while the larger stretches give opportunity for the more hazardous fun of ice yachting.

The most popular as a spectacle of these winter sports is unquestionably ice hockey, a game for which we are indebted to the Canadians, as indeed we are for so many of our winter pastimes. While it has only been within the last few years that the sport has grown to prominent proportions here, the Canadians have had an association for nearly fourteen years. Hence it is no great wonder that they exhibit such proficiency. In fact, several of our best players learned the game across the border. But in hockey, as in golf, we are developing the home-bred talent, and if the interest in the sport does not abate, we shall have teams in the States quite capable of holding their own. In fact, on the evening of the 12th the Victoria team of Montreal were defeated by the All New York Hockey seven at the St. Nicholas rink. It was not of course an exact measure or test of the proposition of Canada vs. United States, but it served to show our progress. The New York team was made up of men from the New York Athletic Club, the St. Nicholas Skating Club and the Brooklyn Skating Club, three of the six clubs composing the Amateur Hockey League. The game was a rough one, the referee being obliged to order Locke of the Victoria team and Gordon of All New York off the ice. Besides this, by an accident in which Captain Bowie's foot was cut by the skate of an opponent, the visitors were deprived of their captain at the end of the first half. Jennison, New York's cover point, was injured by the puck striking him in the head just before the final call of time. Hornebeck was the best of the home team in goal getting and general fast play, while O'Donnell, in goal, did some good stopping. The Canadian forwards had the better of the passing game as usual, and at first it looked as if they would once more defeat the American picked team. After ten minutes of play, Captain Bowie shot a goal for the visitors, and the first half ended with no further score. Fierce play went on after the intermission, but it was not until within five minutes of the end of the half that Gordon, getting a pass from Hornebeck, shot a goal for the home team, tying the score. Then came the exciting moment of the game. On the face-off Fenwick carried the puck down the rink, made a pretty pass to Hornebeck, who shot a goal and left the home team the victors. The line-up was:

ALL NEW YORK

O'Donnell
Jennison
Hornebeck
Fenwick
Howard
Gordon

Goal
Point
Cover Point
Forward
Forward
Forward

VICTORIA

Monroe
Strachan
Guile
Bowie (Davidson)
Russell
Stuart
Locke

If one wishes to see a choice ice spot, well occupied, he can run up to Stamford, and on what is known as the Cove Pond, he can have all the ice sports from plain skating up to ice yachting. This Cove Pond lies at the mouth of the Noroton River, and—strange incongruity—looks directly up the river toward the home of that well known former commodore of the New York Yacht Club, James D. Smith. Here on this pond there has been some of the best racing of the year. Clark's boat, *Mildred*, has more than held her own thus far as in former seasons, but there are plenty after her honors. And as if the skating and ice boating were not enough, one has but to take the all-embracing trolley up to the Wee Burn golf links, the home ground of Miss Hecker, where a good nine-hole winter green course is in first class condition. But for curling, one must go further in this country. The best of it is in the North and West, especially in Minnesota, and the points of our States which touch upon Canada, for here again the Canadian is older in his sports. The game consists of a sort of ice shuffleboard, the curling "stones" being slid along the ice, the object being to lay the stone as near to a certain mark as possible, displacing another's stone if necessary or desirable.

And now the tales of football brutality have actually reached Germany. **FOOTBALL** This is the report given out by a Munich paper, the "Muenchener Neueste 'BRUTALITY' Nachrichten":

"The football tournament between the teams of Harvard and Yale Colleges had terrible results. It turned into an awful butchery. Of twenty-two participants seven were so severely injured that they had to be carried off the field in a senseless condition.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. H. HAFE AND SARONY



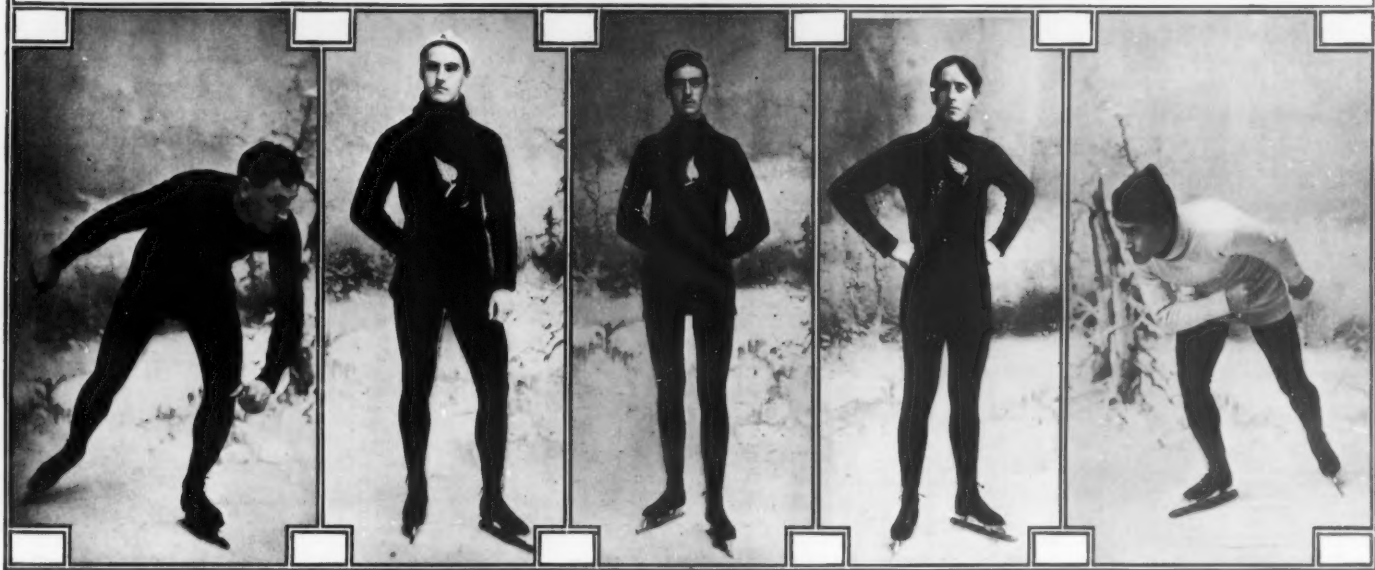
HELPING THE STONE ALONG

MARKING OUT THE RINK

A SKIP AT WORK



A GROUP OF CURLERS AT VAN CORTLANDT LAKE



B. W. DUFFY

LEROY SEE

ARTHUR YALE SARONY

W. W. SWAN

JOHN NILSSON

ICE SPORTS—CURLING AND SKATING

The vertebrae column of one was put out of joint; a second one's nose was broken; a third lost an eye and a fourth broke his leg.

"The intention to injure each other in their attacks was clearly evident. Therefore, there can be no question of accident. Furthermore, both teams appeared upon the field with a crowd of doctors, ambulances and attendants, which from the start did not fail to produce a grewsome impression upon the spectators.

"Many professors at the universities are openly proclaiming in the newspapers their disgust at this disgraceful sport, and protest against its continuance. They are complaining a great deal about the behavior in general of a majority of the students. The study of the sciences has become a side issue.

"The cult of all possible sports dominates all the American colleges to such an extent that the parents of the students are in despair about the matter not being able to make headway against the abuse."

All this is perhaps not more extraordinary, however, than certain despatches from London purporting to attribute England's predicted decline to the same traits which have permitted the American game of football to distance England's national pastime of Rugby. The story goes so far as to state that Rugby's devotees find that the British player is beginning to imitate his American cousin, and that several of the distinguishing features of the American gridiron are now appearing on British fields. It will take more than the Boer war and a slap-in-the-face from the Far East to make the Rugbyman see anything but heresy in American football. The Canadian has adopted some of our best points, but it is too far to send them across the water.

Among the skaters which this month and its racing have brought into special prominence, are Leroy See, Arthur Sarony and Harry McDonald. The first two are especially well known to New Yorkers, and are great favorites. See first came into prominence as a school-boy skater something over five years ago, by winning the boys' championship of the Lexington Avenue Rink. He was then only thirteen, but was an expert both at skating and bicycling. In the next five years he was practically at the top of the Interscholastic and then the Inter-City championships, breaking records out of doors at Verona Lake, and indoors at the Clermont Avenue Rink.

Arthur Sarony, a year younger than See, is coming to the front very strongly this winter. He is a member of the New York Athletic Club, and it is expected that he may push See before long.

Harry McDonald, of the Hefley School and New York Athletic Club, is a comparatively new star here. The past month he has broken the quarter mile record, 46 3 5 seconds, made by Leroy See two years ago, by skating on the fifteen-lap track in the Clermont Avenue Rink a quarter made in 44 1 5 seconds. In the half-mile scratch race, at Verona Lake, he beat Wray and Sinnirud, and in the one mile handicap, starting from scratch with Leroy See, he won out.

Among the other promising skaters are Duffy and Nilsson, of whom we give portraits; Claflin, Deering, Davis, Pallister of the schools, Cox of Tarrytown, a coming novice, and Letts of Hoboken.

WALTER CAMP.

"When you do drink, drink Trimble"



"Whilst we together jovial sit,
Careless, and crowned with mirth and wit,
We'll think of all the friends we know,
And drink to all worth drinking to."

A pure rye,
10 years old, aged
by time,
not artificially.

Trimble
Whiskey
Green Label.
At all First Class Dealers.

Sole Proprietors,
WHITE, HENTZ & CO.,
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"THE EVER-GREEN STATE"

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ONCE AT EVERY DOOR.

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SETTLERS' LOW RATES
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On Sale**

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A Practical Poultry Book One which covers every detail of the industry from incubation to market is our 20th Century Catalogue. It will teach you from the practical experience of others what it would take you ten years to learn. Among other things it tells about the latest improvements in the world-famous **Reliable Incubators and Brooders**. Sent for 10c to pay postage. **RELIABLE INC. & BROD. CO.,** Box B-105, Quincy, Ill.

\$1.98 Dress Goods Offer.

For \$1.98 we furnish a full dress pattern of 7 yards of genuine imported French Two Tone Jacquard Dress Suitings, a new 1903 French merized fabric, regular \$6.00 value. Our foreign buyer bought 1122 pieces of these goods at a forced sale under the hammer, for spot cash direct from the manufacturer, fresh from the French looms at about one-half the cost to make. **THESE GOODS HAVE JUST BEEN LANDED** by the French steamer "La Touraine." They are right from the fashion center of France, and we offer them in full dress patterns of 7 yards at \$1.98, or in any quantity at 29 cents per yard, 50 per cent less than dealers can buy in sundry piece lots. These goods are good weight, suitable for dresses for young or old, and for all seasons. Finely woven, guaranteed for service, woven with a handsome raised crepe effect, such fabrics as will be shown by all fashionable dry stores the coming season at fancy prices. **COLORINGS.** We can furnish these goods in all the very latest shades and combinations. They include almost every shade and combination to become all-complexions and ages.

OUR NO MONEY OFFER. Mention Collier's Weekly, giving us an idea of coloring or combination of colors wanted, and we will send you a full dress pattern of 7 yards of this fine, new style French dress goods, by express C. O. D., subject to examination. You can examine the goods at your express office, and if found perfectly satisfactory, exactly as represented, such a dress pattern as you could not buy from your storekeeper at home at less than \$4.98, a class of goods that is seldom found in country stores at any price, pronounced by everyone the greatest value ever shown in your section, then pay the express agent **OUR SPECIAL OFFER PRICE \$1.98** and express charges. (The express charges will average 25 to 50 cents). These goods vary from 25 to 40 inches in width. If more than 7 yards are wanted, 20 cents per yard extra.

Our Special \$1.98 Price for a full dress pattern of 7 yards is based on the actual cost of the entire lot to us at a forced cash sale under the hammer, ocean freight to New York, rail freight to Chicago, and but our one small percentage of profit added. We could sell the entire lot to any wholesale dry goods house in Chicago today at a big profit, but we want to give our customers the benefit of this purchase, give you for \$1.98 such a dress pattern as you could not buy elsewhere at less than \$4.98.

ORDER TODAY. DON'T DELAY. Don't wait to write for samples. These goods will go quickly, and when they are gone there will be no more. **UNDERSTAND, you take no risk.** If they don't suit you after examination at the express office, don't take them and don't pay a cent, but order at once. If you will state your age and complexion, and allow us to select the coloring, we will give you the handsomest and most becoming thing we have.

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OPIUM and Liquor Habit cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Write **DR. J. L. STEPHENS CO., Dept. 1-3 Lebanon, Ohio.**

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American \$10 Typewriter!

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the man of economical and particular tastes, will find almost daily use for **OSPOTO**, the liquid cleaner. It takes out fresh ink, paint, grease and stains from clothing and does not leave a mark. Takes out a grease spot to stay out. Removes ink stains from the hands. Cleans easily, quickly and with little trouble.

No acid, no disagreeable odor, non-inflammable, economical. Booklet free, 25c. at leading stores or **THE OSPOTO CO., 11 Broadway, N. Y.**

THE GREATEST ENGLISH-MAN OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

FOR ENGLAND the great ended division of time is almost universally pronounced magnificent. That is doubtless the fitting epithet with which to describe it. No other hundred years in all her history has even faintly resembled it for supremacy of conquest and assertion of national power. Judged by the showings of other countries long perished, her greatness has reached its apogee. She is now, beyond all question, the superior of France and Germany. Alone in Europe Russia may be called her equal. But Russia is of yesterday, and England has had many a yesterday since Boadicea crouched bleeding below the Roman rods. The nineteenth century is surely the most wonderful within the memory of mankind, and for this reason its human activities have been the most heterogeneous.

DARWIN AND SPENCER

Everywhere in journalistic Great Britain we find it asked: "Who was the greatest Englishman of the nineteenth century?" This can only strike the sensible as an idle question. Some are affirming Darwin to have been its greatest man. But this is quite as wrong as to declare that he was not its greatest scientist. The latter he so incontestably was that his name and fame tower above those of all rivals in the same field. But as a philosopher he diminishes to nothing beside the colossal personality of Mr. Herbert Spencer; for, indeed, Darwin was in no ethical, spiritual or sociological sense a philosopher at all. He simply "spoke right on," like Mark Antony in the play. He did not build either worse or better than he knew; he builded for the pleasure of building, and his structure now seems to us immortal because of its peerless material and splendid harmony. He and Herbert Spencer will both have their niches in the invisible yet palpable cathedral of earthly renown. These will not be far apart, yet they will be equally lofty, perhaps, and yet clearly differentiated. One thing must always appeal as curious, by the way, to any thoughtful observer of the inconsistent and the inconsequent; Darwin is buried, of all places, in Westminster Abbey. His work struck the hardest blow at "inspirational" teaching which it has ever received. Voltaire's anathemas were almost baby-play beside it. And yet he sleeps among prelates and zealots and saints. A proof, surely, of English liberal-mindedness; and a proof, as well, of his own calm, unbiassed, unaggressive, unpolitic yet gigantic mind.

GLADSTONE'S CLAIMS TO GREATNESS

Then the name of Gladstone has been put fervently forward by a host of admirers. Granted that Gladstone was the foremost English statesman of the century. As truly has been said, his career almost spanned the arbitrary period of a hundred years, for he was born in 1809 and died in 1898. He remembered the rejoicings over Waterloo, and twice he was a member of the same Cabinet in which sat the Iron Duke. It was relatively late in life that Gladstone became the unexampled reformer which chronicle cannot fail to affirm him. He was first attracted toward Liberalism by a desire to study economic science. Placed by Sir Robert Peel on the Board of Trade, he there studied the Tariff. How astonishing is the reflection that when he ceased, in 1866, to be Chancellor of the Exchequer, he had so capably simplified finance as to free almost seventeen hundred commodities from customs dues! . . . Volumes might be written, and will be written (Mr. Henry Morley, his dear friend, is now concerned with one), upon the stupendous force and blameless purity of his statesmanship. . . . But, on the other hand, he lacked many qualities of intellectual greatness. George Eliot once said of him, it is reported, that he was one of the most uninteresting conversationalists whom she had ever met. No special subject had special apparent charm for him; he knew everything, and seemed to care for everything alike. As a writer he had the most ponderous and involved style; as a controversialist he was literally nowhere; and only the prejudiced will deny that our own brilliant Ingersoll, in the famous "North American Review" contest, defeated him with an easy and signal success.

LORD TENNYSON

Lovers of Tennyson declare that his light will burn, after all, the steadiest through future time. There is no doubt that Tennyson is the one lordly English poetic representative. He made himself, in a sense, the great poet that he afterward became. He was the heir-presumptive, as one might say, of Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats and even Byron, whose work in his youth he loved. What was best in all these predecessors he studiously cultivated and strove to improve upon. Very often he was highly successful in such efforts. The slow years lapsed along. The age, that did not care for poetry, nevertheless began to care for his. With infinite

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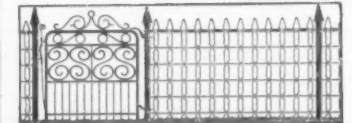
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WINNING THE SEVEN-DAY FIGHT

AN ANNIVERSARY REVIEW—A CONTRAST BETWEEN WHAT WAS AND IS IN WEEKLY JOURNALISM

By CLEVELAND MOFFETT

WEEKLIES vs. MONTHLIES

THEY CALLED IT HOPELESS, only a short time since, this fight of editors and publishers to please people with papers that come out every seven days (instead of every thirty), printing pictures and stories and something of the news. People didn't want weekly papers, wouldn't buy weekly papers, said the wise ones, and looked with almost commiseration on each new champion of such a venture, prophesied his downfall, wagged on the nearness of it, demonstrated that he must be ground to ruin, between the ten-cent monthly and the one-cent daily.

Now, when all is different and the fight is practically won, I find it a pleasant task to consider the new conditions of weekly journalism and contrast them with old conditions, pointing out what is apparent now, though the wise ones ignored it, that the weeklies of a few years back failed in the main, because they deserved to fail, because they were bad in illustration, worse in text, and dull, dull, so dull that a man would scarcely look at one of them if it were sent him free, much less spend money for it. And this applies, alas! to some of the weeklies still, to most of them, perhaps; they dwindle and languish because—because—

But the way to better things has been pointed out and followed in at least one case, which I would take now as my text. Here is COLLIER'S WEEKLY, strong and prospering to-day, but counted of modest worth or consequence not so long ago. Why? How comes it this periodical has opened the century with a circulation that has increased from 36,000 in 1896 to 250,000 in 1900, with an advertising revenue that has increased from \$10,000 in 1896 to \$200,000 in 1900? Is it luck? Is it a fad of the public? The wise ones know there must be more than that. Then what? Why do we find the old quarters of this paper (they were commodious, nevertheless, clean outgrown now, and bigger, finer ones preparing? And why this call for more new presses when already the great new rotary (of Hoe's particular devising), running night and day, and supplemented by 12 flat-bed presses, is inadequate to print the weekly edition? Is that luck?

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS

The secret of this sudden growth is a very simple one. With the dawn of 1898 the management came to the conclusion that people know the difference between real and sham, that they want solid excellence and are willing to pay for it. Solid excellence in a weekly illustrated magazine meant, to their mind, fiction by the foremost writers of fiction, no matter the cost; also articles on current topics by the men best qualified to speak on them, no matter how highly placed; also drawings by artists of literally the first repute; and, finally, a presentation of the world's most noteworthy hap-

penings by correspondents on the spot, and able to turn the world upside down or inside out to get them. That was the programme, nothing less, and clever young men of the right sort (Ah, but this is a young man's age!) were brought in to help in its execution. I think we may dwell with advantage upon the plans conceived by these young men and the manner of their carrying out.

Let us see, first, what happened in fiction, for here indeed was a departure from traditions of the weeklies. Up to this time it had been a close race between short story and serial, which could show the lesser merit. Most weeklies printed fiction, but it was such fiction as they could get for very little money, and no novelist ever dreamed of offering a manuscript

started its present policy of printing stories by Rudyard Kipling, Henry James, Gilbert Parker, S. R. Crockett, W. W. Jacobs, Robert Chambers, Maarten Maartens, Bret Harte, Quiller-Couch, a list to challenge any of the monthly magazines, the strongest names in the field of letters. Whereupon authors began to prick up their ears, it was bruited about that there were first-class prices at COLLIER'S for first-class wares, and in came "Janice Meredith," by Paul Leicester Ford, an immensely popular novel, as every one knows, and it ran for months in COLLIER'S WEEKLY to the chagrin of outwitted monthlies that would very much have liked this novel for themselves. The first instalment of Hall Caine's new novel, "The Eternal City," appears in this number of COLLIER'S WEEKLY, in the pages of which for weeks to come (and no other pages) a million readers will enjoy this long-expected work. Let the high-class monthlies ponder that also!

And they took another step forward in seven-day journalism, these young men, in their handling of great wars, great discoveries, the great news of the world which, by the solid excellence programme, must be caught on the wing, pictured and presented as it flies, though this be in a distant corner of the earth. Are gold-seekers hurrying to the fields of Alaska, is the land afire with longing for the treasures of Cape Nome? Then off with some dashing, daring fellow (one trained to observe and interpret, if may be); let him fare to this frozen fortune-land and tell us all about it. With the need came the man to meet it, Tappan Adney; and the way he "covered" the Klondike for COLLIER'S WEEKLY, the Klondike with its prizes and its sorrows, will be long remembered.

HOW COLLIER'S HANDLES BIG WARS

Again, there are murmurings in Cuba, the *Maine* is destroyed, war is upon us. Here, indeed, is a news crisis, two campaigns to be followed, one on land, one on the sea. There must be photographs, drawings, descriptions; the people must see the battles, must see the cruisers go into action, must have the whole story, step by step. Now rise up, seven-day journalism, young men with vigorous ideas, and show what you can do!

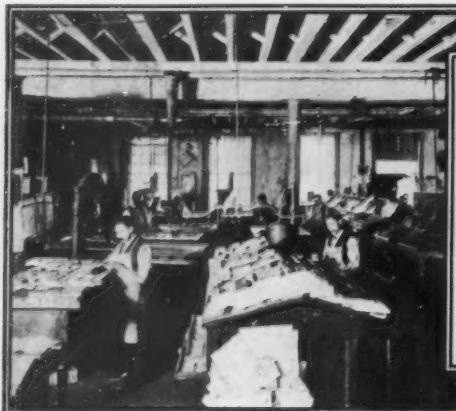
This is what they did: They followed the fleets and armies with correspondents like James H. Hare, who actually served with Gomez in the Cuban Campaign and took pictures under fire at Santiago; they followed the fleets and armies with artists like Frederic Remington and Reuter Dahl who— Well, what man knows his horse and trooper better than Remington, or his battleship better than Reuter Dahl? Many a scrap-book guards their pictures of the war, taken from COLLIER'S, as precious things. Who does not remember Remington's "Bringing up the Guns"? and Reuter Dahl's "The 'Philadelphia' in



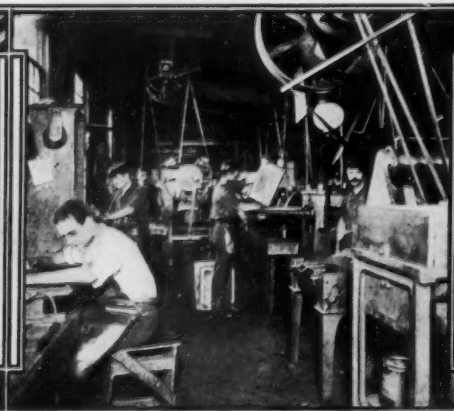
to a weekly until it had been generally refused by the high-class monthlies, that is, branded as a pretty poor manuscript. I have in mind one weekly whose proprietor supplied his columns with short stories (such as they were) for over a year by the prize competition trick, the ingenious competitors being informed that all stories not successful would be printed anyhow (but without payment), and the charming part of it was that no prizes were ever paid to any one. In this I speak from personal knowledge, and instances might be multiplied showing how low and petty were fiction standards in most of the weeklies at this time.

FICTION WRITERS AND CORRESPONDENTS

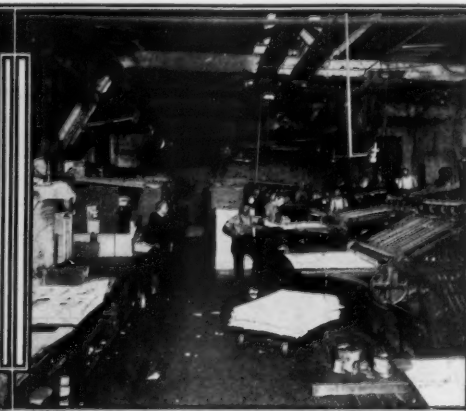
Imagine then the surprise and dismay of rival seven-day concerns and the delight of readers, when COLLIER'S WEEKLY



MAKING UP THE "WEEKLY"



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A FEW OF THE "WEEKLY" PRESSES



RUNNING OFF THE PAPER ON THE WEB PRESS

CUTTING AND TRIMMING THE "WEEKLY"

IN THE BOOK-KEEPING DEPARTMENT

Action"? And there were other artists in the field for COLLIER'S, plenty of them; Thulstrup, Yolin, Gaul, Leigh and Sonntag; and there were other correspondents in the field: Harold Martin, Edwin Emerson, Lieutenant W. Nephew King, Lieutenant Ackerman and Gilson Willets. There was a camera for COLLIER'S with nearly every regiment and warship at the front, and they got the news, they got it well and quickly.

THE CHINA WAR

Meantime Frederick Palmer was with Dewey in the Philippines, gaining the Admiral's confidence so that finally he faced an ordeal worse, he declared, than the battle of Manila Bay, faced a camera for COLLIER'S, and the people had their first good look at the national hero. Then China began to show her teeth, and off posted Palmer, under cable guidance of the editor, to the new storm-centre, and went through the fighting at Tien-tsin, watched the deadly attack on the native city when our Ninth Infantry lost one man in every four, and snapped pictures in the midst of it. Then he started for the sea to get his copy off. This shows the kind of thing provided for in the new programme! It was any way, to catch the mail, a tugboat down the river, a French gunboat to Chefoo and a German tramp to Shanghai. Ten hours in Shanghai before the Hong Kong liner started for the States, just time enough to interview Li Hung Chang and have films developed by a Chinese photographer. And the "copy"? Half of it was written, done somehow on the way, but the other half? Now we see at what cost and pains COLLIER'S WEEKLY was able to print its detailed story of the Tien-tsin fight two weeks ahead of all competitors. Palmer travelled six days to put this story on the steamer with his own hands. Had he sent it by messenger, as other correspondents did, there would have been a fortnight's delay. But, alas! though he reached the steamer in time, his story was unfinished. The steamer would not wait and Palmer took passage on her, sailed across to Nagasaki where she touched, and wrote like a madman all that day. When the steamer drew out of Nagasaki harbor the next morning and pointed for America, she carried a thick envelope for COLLIER'S, and she left the man who had filled it on the shores of Japan, eight days from where he was supposed to be, yet fairly pleased with himself; for by this little move he and seven-day journalism had scored a beat on all creation. And he got back to the Relief Column in time to "cover" that too. All of which stands out in rather refreshing contrast to the sleepy second-hand methods of the old weeklies!

And let it be borne in mind that this is but a single instance of energy and despatch and disregard of expense, and is typical of many others. This merely serves to indicate the sort of thing COLLIER'S WEEKLY believes in. The Boer war, to cite another case, was "covered" from South Africa by Julian Ralph, a magazine writer of note, and by Arthur Lynch, an Irishman whose love of excitement got him into most extraordinary adventures. Lynch got up an Irish regiment and fought against the British to such purpose, that to-day a price is on his head in England. Kruger became very fond of him, made him a Colonel, and may even come to America with him, so runs the report from Holland. Meantime, I hear that admiring Irishmen are clamoring to send Lynch into Parliament and make an issue over him, daring their cross-channel enemies to lay hand on him, their chosen leader. All this resulting from one part of one effort by a weekly newspaper!

BURNING MONEY!

As showing the outlay involved in these achievements—horses, camp equipment, journeying around the world—I may mention the case of J. C. Hemment, famous among New York photographers, who was despatched to China some

months ago in expectation of a protracted campaign and arrived only to find the fighting over. On that single commission COLLIER'S spent thousands of dollars, yet they provided for a contingency that never arose. Which will not deter them from exercising the same lavish foresight whenever and wherever the occasion demands it. Thus they recently despatched Guy H. Scull, together with James H. Hare and his plucky camera, to Venezuela, on the chance that the present smouldering troubles may flame into serious ones. And in the same expectation Tappan Adney will shortly start for the Nicaragua region to be ready for canal complications. Furthermore, permanent correspondents are kept by COLLIER'S in the chief capitals of Europe, in London Edgar Fawcett and Julian Ralph, in Paris Gribayedoff, in other cities other men of equal competence, all watching, waiting, ready for events to call them here or there. Go back from this to the old days, not so far distant either, when our illustrated weeklies scissored out their best European features from the European mail bag!



A "COLLIER'S WEEKLY" WAGON EN ROUTE TO THE POST-OFFICE

HOW TO GET "SPECIAL ARTICLES"

No less marked is the contrast between the once accepted method of getting special articles, and that adopted now by COLLIER'S. The old notion was, and widely remains, that three or four all-round writers form a literary staff quite equal to turning out whatever articles a weekly may require, and on whatever subjects. It must be said that the work of such men, known as special writers, is often possessed of charm and real value, for they have wonderful capacity for assimilating details and massing facts entertainingly. Yet, even at the best, they are hack writers, echoes of other men, and can never speak with the authority of those who know things from having done them. At the worst they are underpaid, overwrought drudges—and such they were for the most part on the old weeklies, their articles being heavy and dreary like their lives, second-rate or third-rate hack articles.

Then came COLLIER'S WEEKLY with its solid excellence idea, and this unceasing question, What are people chiefly in-

terested in just now? What are they talking about? What do they want to know? Is it the Paris Exposition? Good, then we will print an article by no less a man than the Director of the Paris Exposition, M. Hanotaux. And the thing was done.

Or are they interested in the Stage? Then we will have them spoken to by the foremost actor in the country, Richard Mansfield. And the thing was done.

Or is it politics and national conditions? Then our ablest statesmen at Washington shall take the pen for their enlightenment, Senator Lodge, Senator Hoar, Senator Morgan. And the thing was done.

And so on through endless subjects. Rear Admiral G. W. Melville was commissioned to describe his experiences in Arctic exploration. The Secretary of the Treasury, Lyman T. Gage, discussed the new currency law. General Leonard Wood told how he was governing Cuba, and Brigadier General George W. Davis did the same for Porto Rico. The Commander-in-Chief of the United States Army, General Miles, set forth vigorous views on the conduct of the Boer war. The man in charge of New York's subway, John B. McDonald, made clear how this great engineering feat will be accomplished. The Director of the Census of 1900, William P. Merriam, paused long enough in his work to explain how an accurate count can be made of seventy million people.

To go on citing names would be but tiresome enumeration. Back of all names was this thought, "Is such a man greatly in the public eye? Would the public like to read his words? Then we must have him. Then he must write for us." And he generally did. Our ex-Minister to China, Charles Denby, told of the Pekin atrocities, Winston Churchill, the young South African war correspondent (in the last issue), of American opinions on the Boer war as revealed in his recent lecturing experiences, and William Jennings Bryan of his hopes for the future.

HOW TO "LAND" PUBLIC MEN

What pains were taken to secure the services of these distinguished men may be imagined. Money alone would not suffice, although the sum paid for many a single article would have covered weeks of a special writer's salary. Money alone would never have induced Mr. Richard Croker, the formidable head of Tammany Hall, to tell how he gains his political victories? What would a few paltry hundred dollars be to him, compared with such a revelation? Yet he was persuaded, by what tact and patience only the editor knows, to write such an article, and in due course it was printed. And the sphinx-like Mark Hanna, who had hitherto resisted all advances and allurement from gentlemen of the pen, wavered in his rigid stand and all but consented to write for COLLIER'S an article describing how it feels to be a boss! It was the sheer audacity of the request that nearly won him.

SOMETHING ABOUT ILLUSTRATIONS

I have still to show the contrast between what was and is in the matter of illustrations. It was formerly with artists as with writers that the weeklies got along in the main with men who would work for little money and would draw horses, shipwrecks, fashionable ladies, street scenes, or advertising covers, with equal zeal—or indifference.

In the old days the prominent artists whose work was familiar in the monthlies would have taken it almost as an insult, or perhaps as a joke, had some one suggested their entering weekly journalism. Yet to-day the best of them are glad to draw for COLLIER'S: Castaigne, Howard Pyle, Steiner, Wenzell, Albert Herter, Thomas Fogarty, Smedley, Frost, Harrison Fisher, Louis Loeb, Hambidge, Christy, and let us not

(CONCLUDED ON PAGE 19)



A CORNER IN THE EDITOR'S SANCTUM

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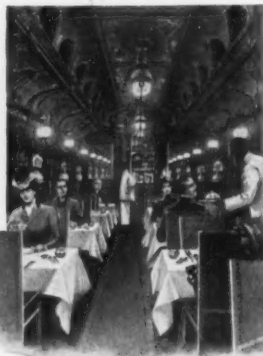
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THE PACKER MFG. CO. (Suite 88), 81 Fulton Street, New York.

Wabash Railroad

Dining Car Service



As the connecting link between the two great cities of the Central West, St. Louis and Chicago, and the eastern cities, New York and Boston, the Wabash Railroad draws its patronage from people who demand unusual service. To meet this demand, Wabash Dining Cars are stocked with only the best food products. Patrons of Wabash Dining Cars are served with

Blancke's Faust Blend Coffee

Faust Blend is used exclusively by the following first class hostilities:

Bartholdi, New York.
Pullman Palace Cars.
B. & O. S. W. Dining Cars.
Battery Park, Asheville, N. C.
Arlington, Hot Springs, Ark.
Grand Hotel, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Burton F. White's Cafes, Chicago.
Denver & Rio Grande Dining Cars.
Hotel Colorado, Colorado Springs, Col.
Hotel Broadmoor, Colorado Springs, Col.

The Morone, Highland Park, Ill.
Cotton Belt Parlor Cafe Cars.
Ham sh e Arms, Minneapolis.
New York Central Dining Cars.
Shanley's Cafes, New York.
Schenley Hotel, Pittsburgh.
Wabash R. R. Dining Cars.
Tony Faust's, St. Louis.
Del Prado, Chicago.
Imperial, New York.

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If you want to try FAUST BLEND on their recommendation and our guarantee, send \$1.30 (if your dealer doesn't keep it) for a three-pound can, whole, ground or pulverized. Make coffee from it a few mornings, and if you don't find it all we claim, let us know and we will instruct disposition of same and return your money.

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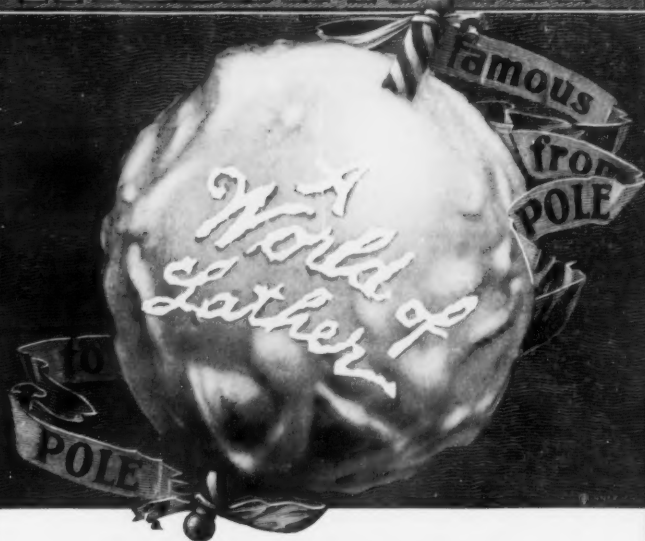
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